



# PUNCH

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## ARTICLES

- ALISTAIR COOKE**  
*East is West: No Moralists Need Apply* .. 634
- H. F. ELLIS**  
*Sox and Sockability* .. 637
- P. G. WODEHOUSE**  
*America Day by Day* .. 641
- R. G. G. PRICE**  
*Market Movement* .. 646
- NOEL PERRIN**  
*The Year of the Dog* .. 648

## FICTION

- ALAN HACKNEY**  
*I'm All Right, Jack*—8 660-62

## VERSE

- E. V. MILNER**  
*Bertrand Russell and the Infinite* 640
- P. E. C.**  
*L.C.C. Shanties* .. 643
- FRED MAJDALANY**  
*Tankership* .. 647

## FEATURES

- PUNCH DIARY** .. 632
- READERS' STORIES OF THE GREAT BUS STRIKE** .. 639
- GUIDE TO SUNDAY NEWS-PAPERISMS** .. 644-5
- LETTERS TO THE EDITOR** .. 647
- TOBY COMPETITIONS** .. 650
- ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT**
- Percy Somerset* .. 656
- IN THE CITY**
- Lombard Lane* .. 657
- IN THE COUNTRY**
- Gregory Blaxland* .. 657
- FOR WOMEN** .. 658-9

## CRITICISM

- BOOKING OFFICE**  
*Bernard Hollowood: Cricket Cross* .. 651
- THEATRE (Eric Keown)** .. 653
- FILMS (Richard Mallett)** .. 654
- RADIO (Henry Turton)** .. 655



ALL reports suggest that Londoners are finding far less difficulty getting about during the busmen's strike than they anticipated. It may be true, as Mr. Frank Cousins said on the eve of the strike, that Mr. Macleod has "missed the bus," but on the whole no one else seems to have.

RUSSIA and China are both issuing stamps this year to commemorate the hundred-and-fortieth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. Perhaps they feel that if they left it to the more conventional hundred-and-fiftieth they might find themselves too busy commemorating the tenth anniversary of the death of Malenkov or Molotov.

DR. BILLY GRAHAM, appealing to followers to support him in his Californian crusade, has particularly asked their prayers for Hollywood. Several front-office men, looking up from the balance sheets, say it's about time.

THE EDITOR of *The Times*, having observed that in order to meet the challenge of television "we are going to have to rethink our production, rethink our advertising, rethink our finances, rethink our staff policy," added that



"from now on, nothing in newspaper-making is sacrosanct." Not even, it appears, the English language.

IT SEEMS a bit unfair that the Federation of British Industries should

have been so harshly criticized simply because the book about British industry which they are offering on sale at the Brussels Exhibition is written in such very bad German.

In a display supposed to be devoted to promoting the British way of life, they would surely be wrong to suggest that we ever did more about being understood in a foreign language than shout it at the tops of our voices.

IN ONTARIO twelve thousand pounds have been allocated to a study of the



habits of wolves. Tape-recordings will of course be made of their characteristic whistles.

"Dr. Webster came to Dairies in 1900, ten years before he was born. During all that time, Dr. Webster had set the very finest example that could be set by any man. He had worked on quietly all those years, never seeking publicity..."

*Fife Herald and Journal*  
 And he could have got plenty.

"N.A.T.O. adopts firm line on Summit," a headline announces. But what with Russia bringing in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and the West countering with Italy, N.A.T.O. and the Summit are soon going to be more or less the same thing anyway.

## Claim While the Iron's Hot

How happily we'd split a foaming flagon

With railwaymen, or anyone you like,  
 Who decided not to clamber on the wagon

When the wagons were already out on strike.



## Punch Diary

"WASHINGTON is congratulating itself," we read as a piece of top-cheerful news, "on having regained the diplomatic initiative." This particular triumph, hard on the heels of the Dulles proposal for an Arctic inspection zone, is a suggestion for the peaceful preservation of the Antarctic. Gaining the initiative in battle, football or any other field of reality means winning some solid advantage whereby one might capture a ridge, score a goal, or move up thirty squares at Snakes and Ladders. In contemporary diplomacy it means exactly nothing; nobody supposes that any Western proposal is going to be accepted by the East or vice versa. It only means the putting up of one more Aunt Sally for the other side to knock down, one more net for statesmen to smash at each other over, one more ink-well for leader-writers to dip ponderous pens into. All this is well understood by everyone in the business as part of the game of cold war diplomacy; what moves one to mild annoyance is the growing tendency for the players to try to persuade the spectators that "gaining the initiative" is a genuine move forward, like bowling the visitors' crack opening pair in the first few minutes.

### Natural Hazard

THERE is talk of a Hollywood contract for British boy singer Laurie London. Hollywood knows its onions, and will have taken out a heavy insurance against his voice breaking during production: the public is in a fickle state, and would look askance, if at all, at a film whose hero piped melodiously for one sequence and then relapsed into the Voom-Voom bass of a vocal quartet. But what of the lad

himself? Has he considered how to tackle this crisis in his young career? Many an actor, long a juvenile lead, has to face at last the tricky modulation into boyish middle age, but he has many years' experience of life behind him by then—sometimes about fifty. Laurie's cross-roads at 14-plus is something peculiar to our peculiar times, and he will need guidance from an older head. Perhaps the leading children's drama schools have the matter in hand already, and Italia Conti and others are rushing new measures into the curriculum. While they are at it, and in anticipation of an ever-dropping age level for star quality, they might also be considering what is to be taught future pram-borne stars about how to retain their fan-clubs during that difficult transition to walkie-talkie work.

### Opera Centenary

THERE is nothing more in the current Royal Opera House centenary, I fear, than a salute to stucco. The first theatre on this site, opened by Rich (promoter of *The Beggar's Opera*), was burned down in 1808. The second suffered a like fate after a ruffianly fancy dress ball in 1856. The third and present house opened in May 1858. The medallion of Queen Victoria over the proscenium arch is precisely of the period, an outside bun halfpenny.

But the Royal Opera House might well be a little shy of recalling its history over the past hundred years.



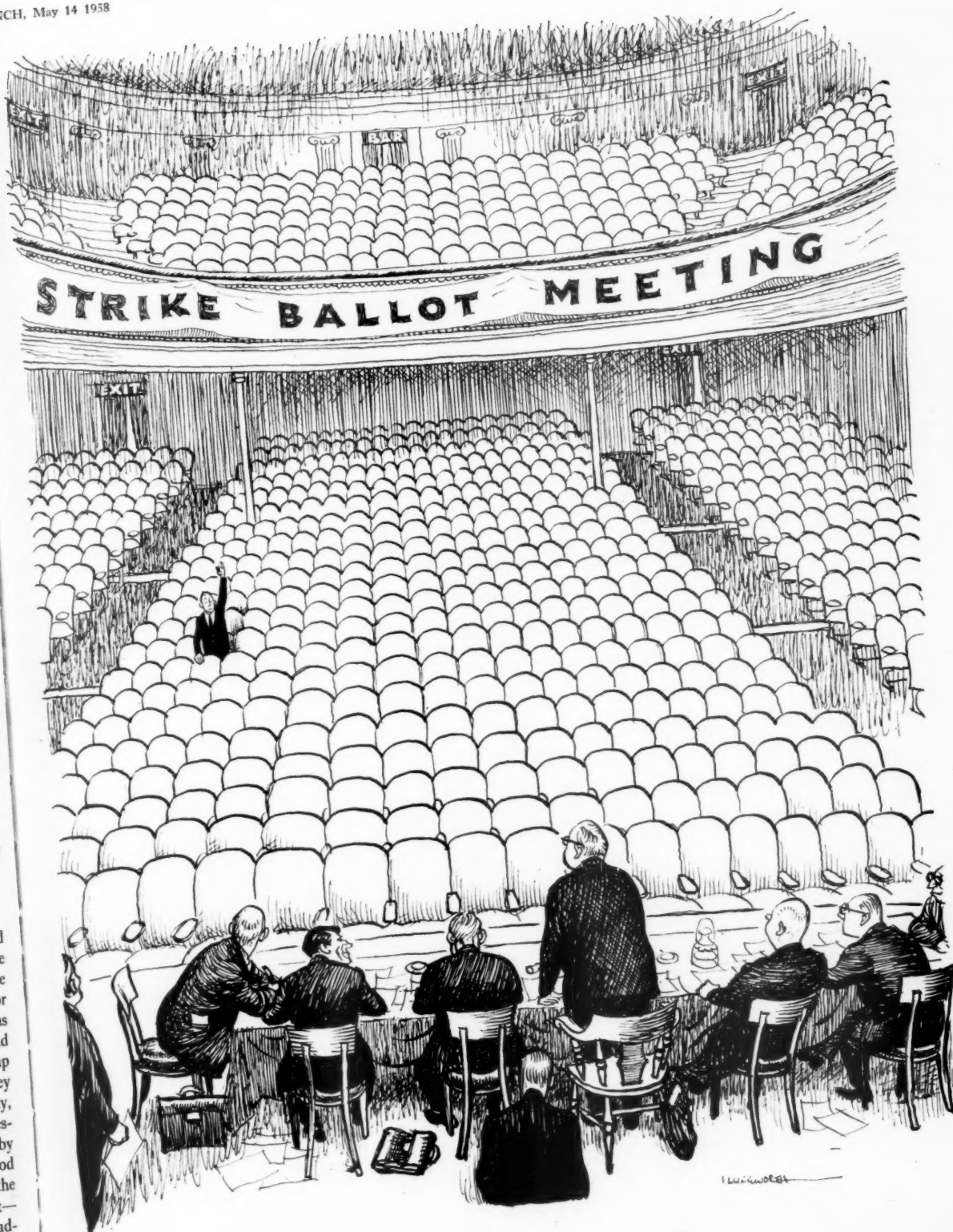
Opera at Covent Garden in the 'fifties of last century and for long after was mainly a matter of being agog about and gaping at over-publicized singers. Composers were small beer. In 1853 Berlioz had been hissed out of the rostrum and his opera *Benvenuto Cellini* off the stage after a single disastrous performance. Wagner was ignored until quite late in the day. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* got by in 'seventy-five and 'seventy-six only because they were sung in ill-fitting Italian, opera in any other language being inconceivable. For the full *Ring* customers had to wait until 1908.

### Life Sentence

WHILE the tendency of newspaper readers is increasingly to understand only the easiest words and the shortest sentences—I believe the Beaverbrook group allow only twelve words, with one "difficult" word, a sentence—the prose of government departments, all over the world, achieves a volume and complexity that might have made Henry James think twice. The bureaucrats have recently won a syntactic victory in America where a competition to shorten, or improve, a two hundred-and-twelve-word sentence produced by the income tax office failed miserably. No one could manage it. We are perhaps advancing towards an era when the language and edicts of the Civil Service will be literally unintelligible to laymen, a conquered race awed into subjection by the polysyllabic spells of this governing priesthood.

### The Changing East

EXPERIMENTS have finally proved to the ladies of China that the eating of tadpoles has no contraceptive value, and this seems to be a matter for congratulation to all concerned. It was all very well for cynics to go around saying "Tadpoles won't make a scrap of difference, ma'am," as no doubt they had been doing, in their sneery way, for years: in the long run these questions have to be thrashed out by practical experiment. Scientific method is the thing, and a pretty poor state the human race would be in without it—surreptitiously gulping down their tadpoles, and reading their teacups, and not whistling in their dressing-rooms, and consulting their horoscopes, and getting up to all kinds of foolishness.



"All those in favour . . ."



*Concluding***EAST IS WEST . . .**

*A journalist's contribution to the discussion of the cold war and the menace of nuclear weapons*

**NO MORALISTS NEED APPLY**

By ALISTAIR COOKE

**J**OURNALISTS are not more humble than other men, but they possess better proofs than most of the folly of prophecy. They keep files. If they are feeling dogmatic about the incorrigibility of Mr. Dulles, the promise of a summit meeting, the Presidential chances of Senator Lyndon Johnson, they can soon find out how they felt, and what their betters thought, about the Foreign Secretaryship of Lord Halifax, the blessings that were promised by the Treaty of Locarno, the substantial Presidential prospects of Paul V. McNutt, Robert H. Jackson, Harold Stassen, and other palpable failures now almost as anonymous on this side of the Atlantic as on yours. Indeed the American party nominating conventions provide, once every four years, an opportunity unique in modern political systems for the layman to learn not to be intimidated by what the experts know and say.

Files or no files, there is no way of saying what might have happened if something else had been done; if Willkie had been elected President, if Hitler had been stopped at the Rhineland. But the foregoing recollections, preserved on yellowing newsprint, of what able people thought was really happening at the time do not give me much faith in what trends and fatalities they now think inevitable, what concrete hopes for peace they hold, let alone what theories they air about which foot ought to be put before the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

It used to be the public ambition of statesmen to try to guarantee us "one generation" of peace. Now we are in the terrible position of knowing that if we can't keep the peace in this generation we may not be able to guarantee the survival of the human

race. (By the human race we mean the modern industrial nations of Europe and America. Obviously, the prospect of a world run, and mainly inhabited, by the Chinese, the Arabs and the Trobriand Islanders is as bad as the thought of our own extinction.) Even the most academic exponent of the balance of power theory, the oldest India hand, knows that we are in a period when the balance of power between a dozen powers, the allegiance of any one of whom would be useful to the three or four big shots, has been simplified into what has been called a balance of terror between only two powers. A slip on either side, the spite



of one powerful man, a considered decision by two or three to detonate a hydrogen warhead, could produce more devastation in a day or two than the world has known in all the centuries from Genghis Khan to the V2s. Other ages too have been fearful, for real or imagined causes. It has been left to the scientific genius of our time to make the hypochondria of a maiden aunt (the man under the bed, the fear that a shooting star might land on the roof) the proper response to reality.

We all have dogmatic notions about what ought to be done, but I have the feeling we ought to resist the natural

inclination to dogmatize. It will not do to be proved right ten years from now. We may not be here to know we were right. So although I have begun in a mood of the blackest pessimism (and my own belief is that the pessimists have a better chance than ever before of being right) we should start to look for a solution without prejudice to parties or even to political systems. We shall not be saved merely by attempting to find out what is right, what cause is just and noble. The history of mankind shows that the most devastating wars, the most atrocious brutalities, have been committed in the name of innumerable pieties, not least in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. On the contrary, I think we should try to discover a technique, merely a workable way of guaranteeing the peace that is not incidentally an exercise in proselytizing our own cause, whatever that may be. I see no hope in the Khrushchev, or Dulles, or Bevan types of crusade, which are essentially moral postures. Or even in the thoughtful humanitarianism of Adlai Stevenson, who has suggested the grand and remote impracticality that the Americans and the Russians should together distribute economic aid to the under-developed countries. (The only altruistic body on earth which is doing this is the Technical Assistance Staff of the United Nations. The skill it recruits is worldwide, and its triumphs are heartening; but they are small and tentative, and in the world of real power the Technical Assistance body is negative and frail, a sort of international economic Red Cross.) Since economic aid is a political weapon, what Mr. Stevenson is asking the Russians to do is to give up their main, declared, political ambitions, or at least to fuse them with the political ambitions of the United States.



If they would do it, there would be no need to fear the possibility of war, much less of extinction.

Another radical proposal, long forgotten, is Dr. Edward Glover's profound but wildly idealistic suggestion that all Cabinet officers of modern states should be psycho-analysed before they take office. (Who would have the authority to commit them to the couch? Would not every politician in France have to lie down at once, on the likely chance that he might be a Cabinet Minister next Monday morning?) Even if it were feasible I am not sure it would help to have men know enough about their aggressions to be able to handle them in comfort. Some men, I'm afraid, would simply develop a greater confidence in the righteousness of their indignations: a trait that leads, for my money, to more misery and war than all the schemings of bankers and arms manufacturers.

The nub of the problem is disarmament. And this spring we are talking about it as if nobody since the war had given it much honest thought. Yet the disarmament commission of the United Nations has been sitting for twelve years: which is at once a hopeful and hopeless fact. It is hopeful because it shows that some people have been patiently dealing with the main problem: how to find a workable system of abolishing war as a way of settling national quarrels. It is hopeless because, on the evidence of its endless negotiations, no government presently able to frighten its neighbours seems willing to search for some discipline, some intelligent method, that will deter a threatening power, no matter what its political religion.

It is fashionable in Britain and the United States to say that the United Nations is the last, best hope of mankind. A very dangerous piece of rhetoric. If all the member nations of the U.N., if only, indeed, the United States and Russia, agreed to support and arm a United Nations army stronger than the combined armies of possible aggressors on either side; if the United Nations had a stockpile of the ultimate weapons bigger than the combined stockpiles of the Russians and the Americans, then this boast might be justified. But we come down always to the galling and fundamental fact that neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union,

nor the United Kingdom, nor the Latin Americans, nor the Scandinavians, nor any other power now in sight, can agree how much of their own sovereignty to forfeit for the common good. In this real situation it now appears that the United Nations was built on a mirage, which radiated considerable sweetness and light at the U.N. organizing conference at San Francisco. The Charter says that no effective action may be



taken in the Security Council without "the concurring votes of the permanent members." This meant the five permanent members of the Security Council: the U.S., the U.K., the Soviet Union, France and the Republic of China. At San Francisco—which thought it was being realistic enough—they were by courtesy known as the Big Five. We have known for most of the intervening thirteen years that there are only the Big Two. Suppose we revised the Charter in the light of this recognition and said that no disciplinary action could be taken by the U.N. unless the Russians and the Americans agreed. We should still be bound by the most tragic and maddening contradiction of the Charter: that it was built on the presumption of a harmony which it is the aim of the U.N. to achieve. Of course if the Russians and the Americans *did* agree on fundamentals the United Nations would work. But if they agreed on fundamentals there would be no need for the United Nations. It is the old paradox that diplomacy is a technique for maintaining goodwill, but that if there is goodwill to begin with there is no need for diplomacy.

The problem we have to try to repair seems to me to be as simple and as baffling as this. This is the root failure. All other political discussions (of spheres of influence, mutual inspection, the deterrent power of one weapon against another, the legitimacy

of regional alliances and the injustice of the satellite system) all these arguments evade the main question. How can we guarantee a long peace in a world whose two biggest powers remain in perpetual and mounting suspicion of each other?

We now appear to be in a period similar to the 1930s, except that its hazards are intensified. The arms always pile up, and it has been the experience of the human race that they pile to a certain point and then explode. I see nothing in our present condition to suggest they will not explode, except—we now say—for the sheer magnitude of horror and destruction that the new weapons are capable of achieving. We have lately had, from Mr. Allen Dulles, the reassurance of the Central Intelligence Agency that Hitler was ready to use a nauseating form of poison gas; but when he heard that the Allies had a more appalling one he desisted. We went along for years on the assumption that because the Americans had an H-bomb the Russians wouldn't dare to move until they also had it. Now they both have it, and they both have, or soon will have, intercontinental ballistic missiles. The U.S. Strategic Air Command has reduced the alert it flashes, from its Arctic radar screens to S.A.C. headquarters, from four hours to fifteen minutes!

We are assuming that only nations that can build up huge stockpiles of such weapons can deter each other. It may well be that some small portable weapon could be decisive. I understand that during recent British naval manoeuvres in the Atlantic a small, plaguey, unidentified character (a whale probably) seemed to be somewhere in the vicinity. Only when the manoeuvres were over did the United States confidentially pass on the word, to the embarrassment of the British Navy, that this tadpole sitting on the bottom of the ocean was nobody but the *Nautilus*, one of the U.S. atomic submarines.

So I don't myself derive much consolation from this balancing of weapons. We have learned that the Russians will not stoop to bargaining unless they know that the bargainer has equal or superior force. In an age when the ultimate weapons will soon be in everyone's possession, how superior can superior force be?

We keep coming back to the aching question: how can the United States



"Some sort of fertility cult, I presume."

and Russia be persuaded to trust each other to keep the peace?

I have not been very helpful, but I have tried in the main to avoid converting noble wishes into recipes. In all forums and discussions of this sort there is a pressing, and usually unconscious, desire in the participants to do their best and also to show that they are brighter and more moral than their colleagues. This is what I think we must resist. The main problem, I believe, is not a moral one, because I don't think that the human races are yet sufficiently developed to agree on fundamental moral values. We face a problem of pure intelligence. If we cannot find some shrewd rule that is applicable to men and nations of different ideologies, temperaments and neuroses we should keep our mouths shut. What we are looking for is something as sensible and irresistible as the invention of the wheel, or, say, the traffic light (the inspiration of a doctor in New Haven, Connecticut). He was thought to be a lunatic when he proposed it. People said: who is going to stop if he's in a hurry, or driving in the middle of the night? The traffic light is a discipline that works for all kinds of character, for clergymen and gangsters. What I am looking for is some similar discipline, some extremity of convenience that will give effective pause to Communists, Republicans, Roman Catholics, British Labourites, Conservatives, Democrats and anarchists alike.

What *Punch* should promote is an international contest, open to anyone with the rare and beautiful quality of sheer intelligence (no moralists need apply): to find a cure for our real anxiety such as was invented by that doctor up in New Haven, Conn., about whose character, private life and ideology nobody knows or cares.



"Now come along, girls—Mr. Steele can't possibly sing till he gets his clothes back."

## Sox and Sockability By H. F. ELLIS

(Written after reading the verdict of a secondary-school headmistress that the driving force behind teenage girls is marriage. "Teenage girls to-day are not so different from the heroines of Jane Austen," she concluded.)

FANNY'S heart was sore. The scheme could never commend itself to her judgement. She could take no pleasure in it. To be walking arm-in-arm across Clapham Common, in full day, no carriage at hand to take them up if clouds should gather, was a plan not very likely to attach her interest or arouse her approbation. But Edmund had given his consent. Edmund had yielded to the inclinations of Maria and Julia. And where his scruples found nothing to censure, Fanny must be convinced that her own objections had no weight.

"Where marriage is to be the aim,

there can be no imprudence, dear Fanny," said he in a low voice. "I am not now to learn that a young woman, with every advantage of beauty, address and steady employment with the Gas Company, is forbidden to draw attention to her consequence; and that *that* is to be your object in this escapade your luminous socks will sufficiently determine. No, Fanny, to be for ever sitting in your attic, always intent upon your great book of China, always out of society—*there* is indecorum, *there* is self-indulgence, *there* is a fault of temper, a failure of spirits altogether to be reprehended."

So earnest a rebuke, delivered with so much conscious gravity, from one with whom above all others she would chuse to rock and roll, whom alone she permitted to elevate her from the floor and whisk her attentively across his back, could not but make the strongest impression. She would go! She would remonstrate no longer. Happy, approving, it was not in her power to be. But she would go.

All was soon settled. Julia would wear her three-quarter-length jeans and

### SEVEN AGES OF HUMOUR

Next week's *PUNCH* will contain the first of a series of articles by seven humorous writers, each representing a different decade.

They will be:

PAUL JENNINGS  
J. B. MORTON  
STEPHEN POTTER  
P. G. WODEHOUSE  
SIRIOL HUGH-JONES  
S. L. BENSUSAN  
V. S. NAIPAUL





"False alarm: return to base: Dammit, Lieutenant, you've won your dollar bet again!"

a start was to be made within the hour. Maria had her seed pearls and was eager to be gone. And Fanny herself, finding that Edmund had taken his flick-knife and set off about some business of his own, had no longer any thing to detain her.

The three young women walked in silence for some minutes, enjoying the mild air, until Fanny, who could not long be unappreciative of the varied manifestations of nature, struck out thoughtfully in the direction in which her thoughts had for some time been tending.

"I am glad to see the evergreens thrive," she remarked, colouring slightly at an involuntary recollection of the last occasion upon which she had found herself in a shrubbery.

"Oh, as to that," Julia replied, tossing her pony-tail, "I believe I am no less sensible of the beauties of the neighbourhood than another. But where are all the men?"

Fanny shrank from what she felt, she knew, to be an injudicious question, and made no reply. Maria, who had been humming an air for which she had a rage, broke off immediately to say, with an affectation of inconsequence that deceived neither herself nor her companions, "Now that we have come so far, why do we not saunter to the Assembly

Rooms? My aunt was observing, if I recall, that Tommy Crawford was to be there this forenoon, and would indulge his audience with a song."

Tommy Crawford! Fanny's cheeks reddened with shame as she asked herself what Edmund would think if he should come to learn that she had permitted herself to be a party to so objectionable a proposition. With Mr. Crawford himself she had no acquaintance. They were not in the way of meeting. But she had heard her uncle declare "I am given to understand that he has a talent," and the words, even without the look of scorn that accompanied them, were enough. But what could she do? What objections, what remonstrances could she urge that would avail against Maria's reckless determination, Julia's willing complaisance? Her heart was heavy, but she bent her steps in mute agitation towards the Assembly Rooms.

It was worse, much worse, than she could have imagined. All was heat, confusion, impropriety. Fanny felt herself oppressed. She was near to fainting. Maria and Julia pressed forward, however, into the thickest of the throng, until they stood within the inner circle of hep cats surrounding Mr. Crawford, and Fanny, fearful of being left unattended in such a place and anxious, if

an opportunity arose, to restrain her cousins' indelicacy, could not but follow them. Of Tommy Crawford himself she caught but a glimpse, for his admirers, in their eagerness to recommend themselves, very soon threw him to the ground and began to possess themselves of fragments of his clothing. This was bad, very bad. But astonishment and disgust gave way to real mortification when she observed Julia, her jumper in disarray, seize hold of Mr. Crawford's tie and wrench it without introduction or apology from his neck. Fanny would, *must* speak.

"Reflect, Julia," she cried, unconsciously echoing Edmund's words. "Where marriage is to be the aim, there can be no imprudence. But *that* justification for your present indulgence you will scarcely, I imagine, put forward. If consideration for your own feelings of delicacy have no weight, will you not at least spare Mr. Crawford the pain of separation from an ornament that sentiment and a modest desire for decorum may well combine to make him cherish? I beg, I pray you to lay off."

Julia herself, after a moment's thought, made no reply. To Maria, feverishly placing a waistcoat button, with a look of conscious triumph, in her reticule, Fanny recognized that it was useless to appeal. There was nothing to be done. It was all misery—all, all lost.

Fanny's one thought, one prayer, was to be alone. Only a shubbery could help her now. But one final vexation, a last bitter wound yet awaited her. Mr. Crawford roused himself. He threw off six or seven of his closest attendants, and supporting himself upon an elbow fixed his gaze, an eager, questioning gaze, upon poor Fanny.

"Who is that square?" he asked.

That he should dare—! That she, who had long deemed herself the equal of any Jane Austen heroine—Fanny gave herself up to sixteen pages of mortifying reflections.

"For the following week we have another of Brighton's most popular authors and stars—the combination of Margaret Leighton in the very latest Terence Rattigan play *Variation on a Theme* should maintain big queues at the box office and, I fear, dis appoint many of our patrons."

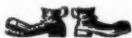
Programme, Theatre Royal, Brighton  
Thanks for the warning.

# READERS' STORIES OF THE GREAT BUS STRIKE

## Eighty-three and still running!

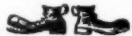
### IMMUNE

**B**US strikes never affect me, as I have been running to work ever since I was fifteen. I am now eighty-three. I eat nothing but jelly and custard, and have never been inside a cinema. Yours truly, EPHRAIM CORK, E.C.3



### CAMPING IN

**I** AND my friend are lady clerks in the City, and unfortunately live in Muswell Hill. Did the bus strike get us down? Not a bit of it! Having got permission off our boss, we each purchased a nice camp bed, and brought in sheets and blankets. At night when all the staff had gone we made up our beds in a corner down by the filing cabinets, out of the draught. You should have seen us! Before retiring we finished everybody else's work, and made soup or stew on a gas ring. Then we read aloud to one another from a nice book. Some nights the night-watchman would join us for an hour, and we would sit round Mr. Henshawe's desk singing the good old songs, such as "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," as I and my friend are in a small choir. It was like the shelters in the blitz, and some nights we had such fun I and my friend could hardly get to sleep for laughing. When the staff came in in the mornings we would have finished our boiled eggs, opened the post, and done our washing up. If more people were like I and my friend there wouldn't be any strikes. Also, we saved on bus fares. Yours sincerely, RUBY PLEAT (MISS), Muswell Hill

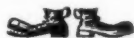


### TRADITIONAL

**A**NOTHER chap and I had cadged a lift to work and were swapping yarns. "Where are you from, mate?" he asked. "I'm Yorkshire—West Riding," I said. "Me, I'm London, East End, walking," he said. I said "That's a good one, chum, I'll send that up to one of the papers." He said "You'll be lucky, mate, it's been in Readers' Stories of both the Great

Wars ever since I was so high." But there's many a good tune played on an old fiddle, as the saying goes.—ARNOLD HEBDEN, Wembley, N.W.

[\*It was felt that our readers would not care to see this story omitted.—Editor]



### COMRADES AGAIN

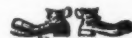
**W**E were foot-slogging it home, best part of two and a half miles, a long string of Londoners all together, didn't know each other from Adam when we started but getting friendly now on the long, long trail, pretty tired and footsore but chins well up, all bound for one of those awkward

### FRIEND IN NEED

**O**N the third day of the strike my eight-year-old Airedale Timmy inadvertently broke his leg. Naturally my wife was overwrought, as we are far from a Tube and Timmy is too heavy to carry. Upon hearing of our misfortune, my next door neighbour insisted on taking us all to the vet in his car. He would not even let my wife pay for the petrol. It is only in a national emergency that the true British character asserts itself. You will be glad to know that Timmy is now on the mend. Yours truly, D.P., Edgware

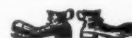
suburbs with no Tube and the railways too packed to get on. Half a mile or so from where we were going to peel off to our different roads there was an old

street singer on the kerb, must have had a good voice once, quite a touch of Harry Lauder. He was singing "Keep Right On to the End of the Road." Somehow it got us. There was a sort of lump, if you know what I mean. It put new heart in us for those last eight hundred yards, though there was a nasty drizzle coming on. The old wartime comradeship had been reborn, thanks to an old street singer! I said it in the Blitz, and I'll say it again: *Londoners can take it!*—HILARY CHARTERS, Dulwich, S.E.



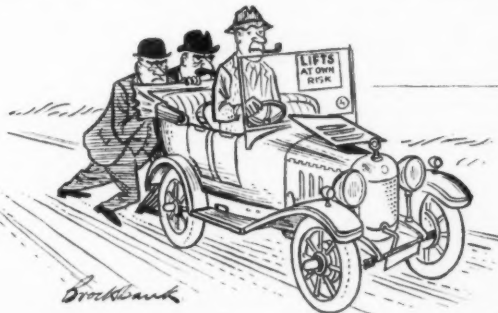
### SAUCY WITH IT!

**N**ORMALLY I do not turn round when "motorists" toot their horns at me, but on Monday last I did. The driver was nice enough with one of those cloth caps with a built-in brim and a small sandy moustache. I was about to accept his offer of a lift when he pointed darkly to a notice on the windscreen which read "Lifts at Your Own Risk." After slapping his face I realized that I might have been in error but by that time I was miles away (near the Army and Navy) and it was too late to apologize. If the young man should read this in your excellent paper I hope he will forgive yours truly, ELLA GAINLY, West Finston



### WHY NOT SWIM IT?

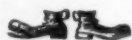
**I** AM the skipper of a barge plying on the Regent's Canal, and when the call came out for everyone to give lifts I thought I would stick one of the



"Free Lifts" signs you give away in your paper in my porthole for a giggle.

Imagine my surprise when a little bloke in a dinghy hove alongside and asked if I would take him as far as Sheerness! How cheeky can you get?

—THOS. BOWLING, *Camden Town*



## SHAMELESS MOCKERY

IT is a disturbing aspect of human nature that even in the midst of grievous misfortune some heartless cynics can extract a cruel pleasure from their fellows' misfortune. I was walking, perforce, along a crowded West End pavement during these last sad days, bearing the load, as were we all, with fortitude, when suddenly a raucous voice rang out "Anyone want a lift?" Indeed we all did and hastened forward to say as much. Then came the callous *soi-disant* wit's jeering retort: "Well, there's one in Selfridges there, going up, soft furnishings fourth floor." Man's inhumanity to man . . . ALOYSIUS WARBOYS, *Fellowship Club, S.W.*

## STARTING YOUNG

MY two kiddies have a car that they made out of an old soapbox and some pram wheels. Last night they came into the kitchen where I was working and said "Will you come out, mum, we want to show you something?"

Would you believe it, they had cut out one of the "Free Lifts" panels you give away in your paper and were playing at giving lifts to all the other kiddies in the street!—HELEN QUIGLEY, *Mitcham*



## OUTSIDE ONLY

MY mother and I were waiting at a bus-stop in the hope of getting a lift down to the shopping centre, but all the cars went sailing by without taking any notice of us. Finally a little bubble-car with four student types in it pulled up. "Come on, ma!" shouted the driver. "Room for a little one inside!"

My mum is six foot eight in her stockings and weighs twenty-four stone, so you can guess how we laughed!—SHIRLEY FIGGS, *Clapton*

## Bertrand Russell and the Infinite

"The number of finite whole numbers must, therefore, be an infinite number. But now comes a curious fact: The number of even numbers must be the same as the number of all whole numbers. Consider the two rows:

1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6, . . .
2,	4,	6,	8,	10,	12, . . .

There is one entry in the lower row for every one in the top row; therefore the number of terms in the two rows must be the same, although the lower row consists of only half the terms in the top row. Leibniz, who noticed this, thought it a contradiction . . . Georg Cantor, on the contrary, boldly denied that it is a contradiction. He was right; it is only an oddity.

"Georg Cantor defined an 'infinite' collection as one which has parts containing as many terms as the whole collection contains . . . thereby taking into the realm of exact logic a whole region formerly given over to mysticism and confusion."—Lord Russell: *"History of Western Philosophy"*

LORD RUSSELL, from my earliest youth,  
Inspired me with a zeal for Truth,  
And oft when o'er his page I pored  
I bowed my head and blessed the lord  
For showing in so clear a light  
The Nature of the Infinite  
That even intellectual midgits  
(Like me) could grasp it with their digits.  
The method is, of course, to write 'em—  
1, 2, 3, 4, *ad infinitum*  
And then beneath each term affix  
Its double, namely 2, 4, 6, . . .  
The even and whole numbers thus  
Are clearly equinumerous;  
In brief, an Infinite Collection  
Is equal to its own sub-section.

It thus becomes supremely plain  
To any but the dimmest brain  
Why "in all time" (Lord Russell's phrase)

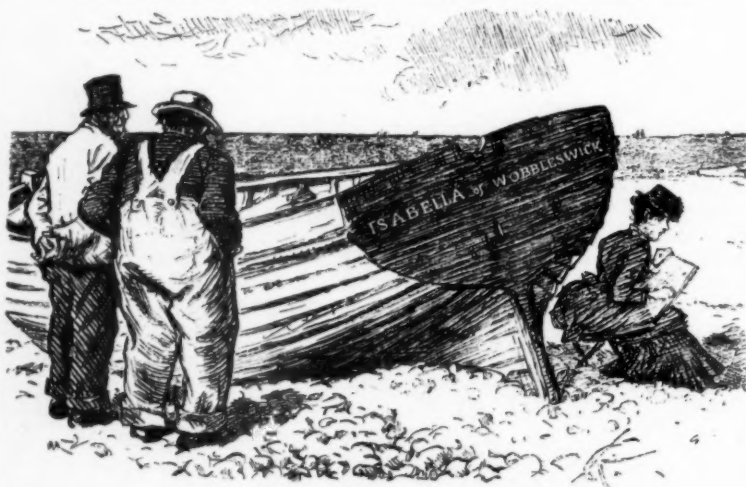
There are as many years as days,  
And also why a wise man sows  
His cabbage-seed in finite rows.  
(Those endless rows of Russell's sprout  
As fast as one can thin them out.)

The Infinite, when once defined,  
No longer stupefies the mind;  
And though its properties appear,  
Lord Russell says, a trifle queer,  
He adds, in tones of deep conviction,  
That they contain no contradiction,  
And it is palpably absurd  
For us to doubt Lord Russell's word.

E. V. MILNER

## CHESTNUT GROVE

Charles Keene's many drawings in PUNCH appeared between 1851 and 1889



PERIL!

Gruff Voice (behind her—she thought she heard her own Name). "SHE'S A GETTIN' OLD, BILL, AND SHE SARTAIN'Y AIN'T NO BEAUTY! BUT YOU AND I'LL SMARTEN HER UP! GIVE HER A GOOD TARRIN' UP TO THE WAIST, AND A STREAK O' PAINT, AND THEY 'ONT KNOW HER AGAIN WHEN THE FOLKS COME DOWN A' WHITSUN. COME ALONG, AND LET'S KETCH 'OLD OF HER, AND SHOVE HER INTO THE WATER FUST OF ALL!"

Miss Isabella. "OH! THE HORRID WRETCHES! NO POLICEMAN IN SIGHT! NOTHING FOR IT BUT FLIGHT!" [Is off like a Bird!]

May 3 1884





"... Pulled a gun on me, forced me to hand him the keys, and drove off. You'll probably find him broken down about five miles south of here along A21."

## America Day by Day

P. G. WODEHOUSE reports from New York

RATHER disquieting evidence that American pilferers do not read their Wodehouse comes from Princeton, N.J. I have been at considerable pains from time to time in this journal to impress on these light-fingered gentry that crime does not pay, for even if you get away with a dinosaur's egg or a church pulpit and a dozen or so pews, as people have been doing lately, it is impossible to cash in on them; but my reasoning appears to have been wasted. At Princeton the other week it was discovered that the 200-pound cornerstone of the University store, laid on the previous day, had been stolen during the night. "It is believed," my paper says, "that several persons pried it loose and carried it away."

One shakes one's head, of course, but

one cannot help feeling a little sorry for the poor fellows. One pictures them bounding off to the fence, all smiles and Look-what-we've-gots, only to find that he is not prepared to offer a nickel for the swag. All their trouble for nothing. And the man who is planning to pinch the Woolworth Building will have all his trouble for nothing too. Far better, if you must steal, to restrict yourself to good sound milk-bottles from suburban doorsteps. Lay off the church pulpits, boys, and leave the cornerstones alone.

A chap called Papp has been stunning the theatre world by putting on Shakespeare at New York's Hecksher Playhouse and charging nothing for admission. You just write in for seats.

The only thing that annoys Mr. Papp is that so many people write in for seats and then do not come and pick them up, and he is thinking of taking a strong line with these. From now on pleasure seekers will have to enclose a dollar to cover each reservation, the money to be returned to them when they arrive at the theatre.

"This," says Mr. Papp, "will give us the distinction of being the only theatre in the world where you pay if you don't show up and don't if you do. I see something like this developing: 'We had a great week last week. Nobody showed up'; or 'Boy! Was business terrible last night! We had a full house.'"

In these restless days we frequently

find workers abandoning their jobs for one reason and another, but it takes a Douglas Wadell of Garden City, Michigan, to do the thing in style. After a tiff with the Garden City authorities the other day he tendered his resignation as city superintendent, clerk, treasurer, purchasing agent, Board of Appeals secretary, planning commission member, street administrator, and secretary-treasurer of the pension board.

"And," he added, having turned on his heel, stalked stiffly from the room, remembered something he had forgotten, and come back and put his head in at the door, "as representative of the County Sanitation Authority."

That, he said to sympathetic friends later in the bar down the street, would learn them. His friends thought so, too.

It seems only yesterday, though as a matter of fact it was a year ago, that I was trying to console the American bridge team for losing the world's

bridge championship to France. France, it seems, plays not the conventional system but one that is a mixture of the Viennese, the Swedish and the Norwegian: and I pointed out that it is confusing for Americans when a Frenchman, whom they expect to play like a Frenchman, suddenly tears off his whiskers and shouts "April fool! I'm a Norwegian!"

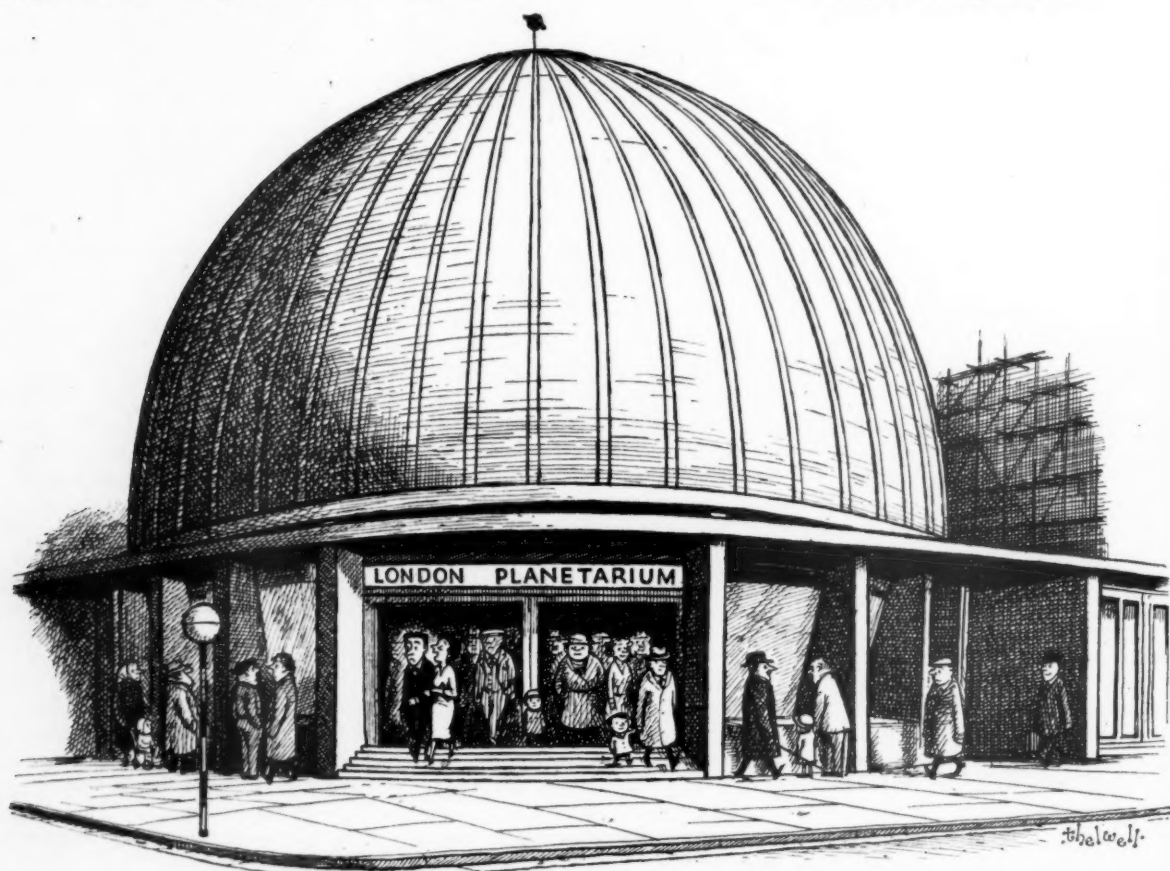
Now the Messrs. Becker, Rapee, Stone, Crawford, Silidor and Roth, representing the United States, have been beaten by Italy, who have "a new system of bidding, very hard to play against. By using the most intricate code yet devised the Neapolitan Club System allows exploratory bidding and gives an extremely accurate picture of a partner's hand."

When will America learn that the only sure road to success at bridge is to have a good supply of extra aces up the sleeve, attached to the forearm with stout elastic?

Everybody over here is talking about juvenile delinquency as of even date, and in some quarters it is felt that the new Mickey Spillane "Mike Hammer" television series is largely responsible for it. Mike Hammer, in case you do not read M. Spillane, is the private eye or shamus who goes about shooting people in the stomach and simply loving it. If asked why he always shoots them in the stomach, never in the head, he would no doubt reply that it is just a whim, or possibly that the artist cannot be stifled but must be allowed his technique.

Students of sociology claim that this sort of thing gives the younger generation ideas, but Mr. Spillane has his answer to that. The Hammer shows, in his opinion, cannot take the blame.

"They are on at ten p.m.," he points out, "and at that hour the younger generation is not watching television. It is out on the streets, looking for someone to strangle or stab."



*"We were destined to meet like this, with Venus in the ascendant."*



## L.C.C. Shanties

### RED ROVERS

THERE's a whisper down the Way where the prunus blossoms sway  
And the mower purrs in the sun,  
Sighing: "Come to where Subtopia overflows her Cornucopia  
When the London winter's done."  
With a bag of sweets in the best front seats  
We'll rove through the wind and rain.  
You have heard the Call—One Class for all!  
Come out on the trail again.  
Then it's out, pull out of your shed, old bus,  
Where the Red (brick) Rovers queue.  
And we'll all embark on the high road, the by-road,  
the Bow road,  
From dawn till dark on the high road, the road which  
is always new.

Oh it's North we may rove to the heights of Arnos Grove,  
Or Southward to Keston Mark.  
And Eastward we may go past the Beckton Outfall's flow  
Or West to Richmond Park.  
With a Thermos flask and a map, old bus,  
And a suave Jamaican crew  
And a Wandle-lust for the high street, the by-street,  
that's my street,  
("World's End" or bust via the high street, the Mall,  
and the Avenue.)

Hear the coughing as the fog swirls around us on the Dog  
Kennel Hill on a misty night,  
With a "cauliflower top"<sup>1</sup> and the "jockey"<sup>2</sup> on the hop  
When the "jumper"<sup>3</sup> comes in sight.  
And your engine sighs with relief, old bus,  
When the depot comes in view.  
And lights turn green on the home trail, the hard trail,  
the tarred trail.  
What sights we've seen on our own trail—the trail that  
is always new.

<sup>1</sup> full on top<sup>2</sup> conductor<sup>3</sup> inspector

### GREEN LINERS

Oh where are you going to, all you Green Liners,  
Through choked city streets into quiet country lanes?  
"We're plying to Guildford, to Hertford and Ilford  
To Watford and Otford, St. Albans and Staines."

Then I'll build a new by-pass for all you Green Liners  
With fine concrete lamp-posts to brighten your way.  
"Oh lights are as livid as jaundice already  
And beacons more bulbous than brokers at Bray."

Then what *can* I do for you, all you Green Liners  
And how can I help to develop your trade?  
"Unbuckle your Green Belt and spread your red suburbs  
Till London shall link up with Hove Esplanade!"

### FELLOW TRAVELLERS

No fares will be due from us Camberwell Beauties  
All dressed up to kill in our best Sunday "drains."  
For we've cut out our rivals on the Commons of old Clapham  
With nothing to use but our bicycle chains.

### Chorus:

Then we'll rock and we'll roll like true British teddies,  
We'll chiv and we'll jive on the decks and the stairs  
And until we drop off at the Elephant and Castle  
All the others on board will be saying their prayers.

\* \* \* \* \*

### POOR DRIVER BOWLING

Off in a sulk goes Driver Bowling,  
The blackleg of our crew.  
No more he'll hear the pickets howling  
From Dalston down to Kew.  
Word from above to "black" the route he  
Wilfully ignored.  
Faithful in front he stayed on duty—  
But now he's gone abroad.

P. E. C.



# Punch

## Guide to Sunday Newspaperisms

Following the example of the "Observer" and "Sunday Times," we here present a survey in pictorial form of the principal influences at work to-day in the most popular of all arts, the Sunday newspaper. The broad trends are indicated vertically; the way in which they are applied to individual themes may be followed horizontally.



OBSERVERISM

PICTORIALISM

NEWS OF THE

SUNDAY TIMESISM

PEOPLEISM



Intellectualism

After the second world war old-established rules concerning vital statistics and so forth were flung into the melting-pot by the Intellectualists, who ignored the decorative possibilities of the human figure and sought their inspiration in an approach directed less to the emotions than the intellect. Intellectualism rejects what it calls the "beach" attitude and prefers to substitute that of the coffee-bar.



Figurism

This is the purely classic manifestation of Pictorialism, where the figure is displayed for its own sake, with no reference to contemporary influences except as they affect details of pose and drapery. There is little deviation from the standard proportions immortalized by Monroe, Mansfield, and so on. The introduction of such symbols as Kiddies and Doggies has led to the development known as Prettyism (which see).



Offensism

In this school, as much attention is paid to the context as to the actual subject. Offensists believe that even an intrinsically uninteresting subject can be rendered entertaining if it is placed in sufficiently exciting circumstances, such as murder, rape or assault. Closely allied with this movement is Accidentism, in which the figure is represented, often in vivid detail, as the victim of some violent mishap.



Intellectualism

The decorative use of the human figure which characterized the Sunday press for a long period during the early middle twentieth-century began to give way to Intellectualism after the second world war. Forms better suited to the coffee-bar than the beach made their appearance, the appeal being directed toward the intellect, the emotions. Established conventions regarding vital statistics, etc., were often flouted.



Violencism

In some ways a parallel development to Offensism (see above), Violencism is concerned as much with context as with subject. In Violencism, however, the subject tends to take an active part in the composition, earning money by immoral means, or playing the part of "moll" to some "gangster" who is himself often introduced into the scene. Identification between artist and subject is very close.



## Artism

Extremely careful composition, whenever possible involving the use of deep wrinkles or of the shadow of gratings or Venetian blinds across the face, characterizes the work of this school. Its adherents usually like to work with the very old, the very young or the very poor. Often there is an implied social comment of a simple order, such as that the old are old, the young young, and so on.

## Gayism

Gayism, or the Dear Old Dutch school, makes an exactly opposite approach to that of Artism. Gayists believe that however old the subject it is still capable of riding a roundabout, paddling in the sea or waving a tankard of beer. Gayism stems from the current determination never to admit the existence of misfortune unless it can be attributed to some government department, preferably Tory.

## Victimism

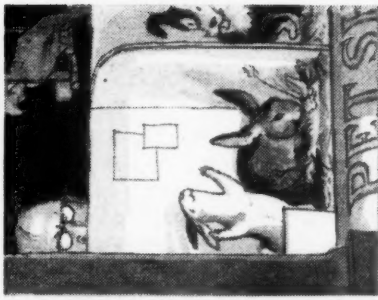
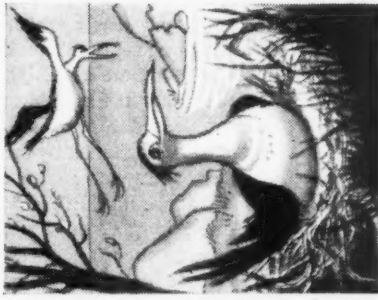
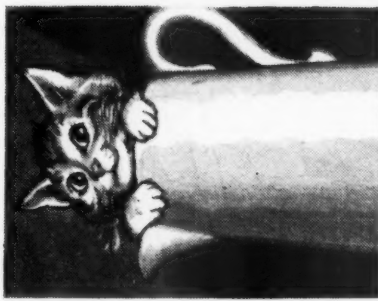
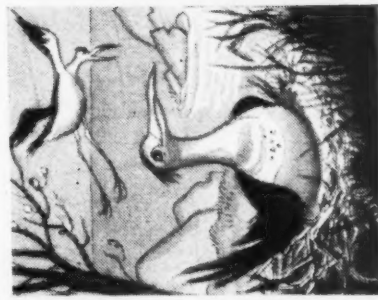
Despite its great popular appeal, Offensicism has proved to have a comparatively limited scope, and it was inevitable that its devotees should progress to a position from which they could cover a wider range of human experience. In Victimism the violent attack is no longer essential, and the subject may be the victim of any kind of oppression, from overcharging to unjust eviction by landlords.

## Artism

A feeling for some kind of social comment permeates the work of this school, which is characterized by extremely careful composition, often involving the use of oblique bars of light and shade over deeply wrinkled surfaces, and a choice of subject that leans toward the very old, the very young and very poor. The comment is usually content to emphasize (for example) the poorness of the poor, or the poorness of overseas residents.

## Swindlism

Closely related in feeling to Victimism, Swindlism achieves its highly individual effects by the use of very specialized techniques. As in Violencism, there is a great degree of empathy between artist and subject; the artist works by associating closely with the principals in his composition. The result is a definite withdrawal of sympathy from the victim, who seems less a dupe than part of a conspiracy.



## Outdoorism

From the pioneer work of such very different artists as Frances Pitt and Peter Scott, Outdoorism has developed into a movement combining scientific exactitude with a ready appreciation of natural beauty. Enormous patience, and a variety of electrical and optical equipment, are needed to produce items such as this exclusive study of an Ellis's Spatchcock about to relieve the mother-bird on the nest.

## Prettyism

Remarkably descended from Surrealism, Prettyism relies to a great extent on unexpected associations; but instead of Breton's umbrella and sewing-machine on a dissecting-table, the materials employed are more likely to include small animals in milk-jugs, jackdaws perching on the heads of foxhounds, and so on. Such incongruous juxtapositions produce emotional stimuli out of all proportion to the economical means employed.

## Policism

Adherents to the Police school, or the Hendon Movement, as it is sometimes known, see their subjects only as adjuncts to criminal investigation. Dogs are not so much dogs as trappers of thieves; cats intelligently set off burglar alarms; boy cyclists trail hold-up men to their hide-out; and so on. Subjects of this nature are represented with a *trompe l'esprit* sweetness often widely out of variance with their basic nature.

## Outdoorism

Using enormous patience and a quantity of elaborate electrical and optical equipment, a flourishing school has been built up from the first pioneer efforts of Frances Pitt and Peter Scott. The combination of scientific exactitude with a true appreciation of natural beauty results in the creation of such works as this exclusive study of a hen Ellis's Spatchcock about to relieve the cock-bird on the nest.

## Uncarthism

The adherents of Uncarthism subject everything to a minute scrutiny in the hope that it may reveal deeper and less superficially pleasant layers which may turn out closer to fundamental truth. To the Uncarthists, every Maltese walking with his girl may be a white-slaver, every coloured man visiting a pet-shop may receive marijuana with his birdseed. The result is constantly exciting but occasionally unsavoury.

# Market Movement

By R. G. G. PRICE

*The Stock Exchange London to Brighton walk takes place on Saturday*

THERE has been of late, no doubt about it, a pedestrian slant to the news. A few months ago only the sporting columns would have shown much interest in the intention of a number of Stock Exchange walkers to aim for Brighton on Saturday. Now the average reader is likely to take a companionable interest in their tendons. He approves their foresight in training for the longer walks that may be looming ahead for any of us who do not live over the shop. The fact that the walk is a well-established sporting fixture that has been going since 1903 does not really sink in. The average reader assumes the purpose of the trip must be practical. His muscles warn him against believing that anybody walks for fun. There may be suspicious readers who think they discern a further purpose beyond toughening the competitors until they become independent of the nation's transport system. Everybody knows that the Stock Exchange keeps its ear to the ground: can forward-looking financiers be trying to improve the speed with which they can evacuate themselves in an emergency?

The young and the old are excluded from the walk, in their own interests, not from fear of horseplay; but there is plenty of talent to draw on between twenty-one and sixty. The record post-

war entry was forty-seven. There seems to be something habit-forming about the event as one man is competing for the fourteenth successive year. The start is from Big Ben at 7 a.m. and the record is just over eight and a half hours. This year the rebuilding of Gatwick Airport will add nearly a mile to the route. It is really an astonishing thing that all that work of Sir Frank Whittle's on jet-propulsion should make it take longer to walk to Brighton. There is a police escort through the whirlig-wild crowds for the first half-dozen arrivals. At the finish by the Aquarium the Mayor presents a stick of Brighton rock to the winner. In the evening there is a reception and cups are presented, for instance one for Jobbers v. Brokers.

En route each walker (and here conditions differ markedly from recent morning walks) is accompanied by an attendant on a bicycle or, in the case of the more self-indulgent attendants, in a car. I am not sure how far he is allowed to act as a goad or a lure. The part of his functions that interested me most when it was described by Mr. Green-slade, the organizer, is re-fuelling. At intervals there are feeding stations. Just before one is reached the attendant finds out whether the walker can do with a dollop of energy-giving syrup (to guess at the menu) and if he gets a firm order

he pushes on ahead, brings back the fuel and feeds the walker without slowing him down. A good attendant can count for a lot towards a win, rather as a good pilot can be the making of a Channel swimmer. It is obviously an art that takes years of practice to perfect. An expert attendant's family must have an odd look. It has been suggested that the more technologically adventurous attendants probably give intravenous glucose to their charges. There are elaborate arrangements by which walkers who stop walking can be reunited with their clothes in time for the binge at the end. Not that many walkers do call on the repatriation service. Last year thirty-four started out and twenty-nine finished, not bad for an age-range of forty years.

Seen as they wind their way, heel and toe, through the southern counties the competitors would reveal only to the very shrewdest physiognomist what they had in common, apart from the desire to reach Brighton the hard way. Detached from their arithmetic textbook world of stocks and shares and brokerage and more concerned with the finishing tape than ticker-tape, with obstructive dogs and sheep than with stags or bears or, probably, bulls, with blisters than balance sheets, the market-men show less gloss but more prominent muscles on the open road than in Throgmorton Street. It is rather extraordinary that men whose whole training is in noticing changes of an eighth of a penny and who are so liable to panic that the first act of any Government threatened by foreign foes is to give them a holiday, should be able to go through with such a long, hard slog. One would have thought they were essentially sprinters, competitors in more excitable races like the 100 yards. Yet here they are setting out on a journey that in the past would have taken a coach about three days.

I do not know what par for the course is. I do not even know why they make for Brighton, except that its traditional aura of relaxed enjoyment may have a special appeal for those who normally wear close-fitting suits and impeccable umbrellas. I see them gradually sloughing off their towny, London ways





as they pass the Stockbrokers' Tudor of Surrey and the new-planted, new-painted tax losses of Sussex. By the time they are out of the Weald and through the Downs they are smelling salt and chips and other smells unequivocal of the City and they are trippers to a man. During the previous weeks they may have walked to work; but they will not have been greeted by the Lord Mayor with a stick of rock. Now a bath and a rest and an evening's gaiety loom ahead. I only hope they do not have to walk back.

## LETTERS

(Letters addressed to the Editor, unless specifically marked otherwise, may be considered for publication.)

### EAST IS WEST

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—Have "they" yet found in the Dead Sea Scrolls a communication from Goliath to David suggesting that slings be barred lest the wrong person should be hit? Yours,  
Savile Club, W.1 STEPHEN GORDON

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—  
I read about Diogenes  
And you confirmed my hunch:  
I thought the views expressed therein  
Might not be those of *Punch*.

I'd like to think that other views—  
Perhaps not those of *Punch*—  
Will find some space in *Krokodil*,  
And yet—I have a hunch!

Yours faithfully

Leigh-on-Sea, Essex P. D. CURTIS

### FOOTBALL FIXTURES

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—Your contributor Mr. E. S. Turner, in his article on Cup-tie history, is confusing four-legged fillies with two-legged ones. What more natural than that Newmarket Town should play football against that great French racing centre Maisons Lafitte (not Maisons Lafayette)?

Yours faithfully,

Edinburgh P. M. B. SMITH

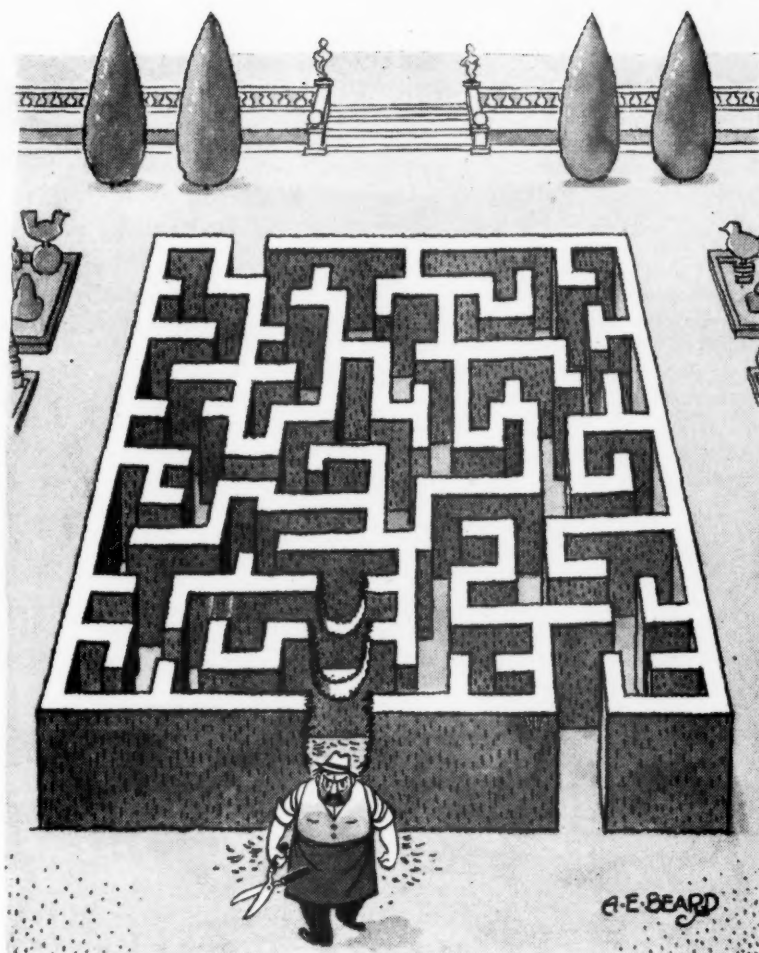
### RADIO TOWER

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—Mr. Alan Hackney's serial, "I'm All Right, Jack," refers to "the red lights of the television tower" that had uglified the top of Wrotham Hill for several years. The tower Mr. Hackney refers to is the B.B.C. mast from which the V.H.F. broadcasts to South-East England originate. It would be unfair to blame such an eyesore on to television.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.E. FRANK VOGEL



## Tankermanship

A postscript to Mr. Onassis's recent television interview on flags of convenience

THOUGH Aristotle Onassis

Has his

Detractors who dislike his notions

On exploiting oceans,

Considering "Pan Hon Lib"

Altogether too *ad lib* if not a downright fib,

His namesake and other philosophical Athenians

Would probably have approved of flags of convenience.

Although

Mr. O.

In his commercial peripatetics

Is less concerned with his namesake's *Ethics* and *Poetics*,

His tanker fleet, so shrewdly chameleon,

In its *Logic* is undeniably Aristotelian.

Students of pure reason

Visiting Monte Carlo in or out of season

Will find that one glimpse of his yacht 'll

Show just how well Onassis has studied Aristotle.

FRED MAJDALANY



*"Move up, move up—we're trying to make room for Peter Scott."*

## The Year of the Dog

By NOEL PERRIN

**D**OGS live well in England. They are cosseted, spoiled, and sometimes made to wear boots on rainy days. But to claim, as some do, that the contemporary English dog receives more attention and enjoys more privileges than any other dog has ever received or enjoyed—this is absurd. If I were a dog I should choose to be born not in twentieth-century England but in seventeenth-century Japan.

At this very minute there are hundreds of dogs in England without a home to call their own. But a Japanese dog of the 1690s, on finding himself homeless, could move into one of the Government dog hostels. Many a dog in England will go supperless to bed to-night.

But Japanese dogs from 1694 onwards received a generous Government ration. (By 1696 the purchase of dog food was taking up about 5 per cent of the Japanese Government's total revenue.)

In England it remains lawful to aim a kick at a dog which has just bitten your ankle, or even at one which merely seems to be contemplating this action. In Japan, in 1698, about five hundred people were sent to prison for kicking dogs. Most of them remained there for the next eleven years.

It all began because His Highness the Prince Tsunayoshi, fifth shogun of the Tokugawa line, was born in 1646, otherwise known as the Year of the Dog. Until the prince's forty-first year he was better known for his interest in Buddhist

theology than for his devotion to animals.

But in 1687 a new day dawned for the dogs of Japan. Prince Tsunayoshi had been alarmed for some years over his inability, even with the aid of several dozen concubines, to produce an heir to the shogunate. Fertility rites had been of no avail; sacrifices to Buddha had produced nothing; donors had not been invented.

Then a priest named Ryuko, the prince's personal confessor, received an inspiration. Tsunayoshi's patron saint, so to speak, was the Dog; yet heretofore the shogun had done absolutely nothing for dogs, had in fact watched unmoved while his samurai practiced a kind of Japanese rodeo in

which pariah dogs took the part of cattle. Naturally, the priest pointed out, this was bound to annoy Buddha. Let the shogun mend his ways. Let him begin to demonstrate a benevolent interest in dogs and the ladies of the Great Interior would soon each be bearing twins annually.

Almost immediately he passed the first of the Life Protecting Statutes. In this Tsunayoshi forbade the dog rodeos and all other indignities against dogs. The man who actually killed a dog, he ruled, had committed murder and ought to be beheaded. A few years later his executioner did a little counting up and found that he had filled thirty barrels with the heads of those who were unable to break themselves of this practice.

Dogs themselves who attacked other dogs were the only ones exempt from this ruling. They were to be separated from their victims by a judicious use of cold water. A really sensitive man, Tsunayoshi suggested, would use rose-water.

But while the Life Protecting Statutes saved Japanese dogs from actual bodily danger, they did very little to promote canine comfort. It was still possible for a dog even in Tokyo itself to go hungry or to have to sleep out on the coldest night of the winter. When in 1694 the calendar came round again to the Year

of the Dog, and Tsunayoshi still had no sons, he realized that further steps were needed.

And so in the autumn of 1694 the stray dogs of Tokyo, to the number of fifteen thousand, were ushered into well-heated public kennels. The shogun had given one of his personal chamberlains, a man named Yonekura, the task of erecting these kennels, and it is clear that Yonekura did his work well. The most luxurious set of kennels covered a twenty-acre site in the suburb of Okubo. With a little doubling up, this one kennel could accommodate nearly ten thousand dogs in warmth and comfort. An eight-acre kennel at Hakano housed another three thousand.

Yonekura was raised to the peerage and permanently assigned as Grand Master of the Imperial Japanese Kennels. On the administrative level alone he had the full-time assistance of four city magistrates, fourteen veterinarians, and sixty Imperial police. There were those in Japan who grumbled that the dogs might better have been assisting the police than vice versa. Every régime has its malcontents.

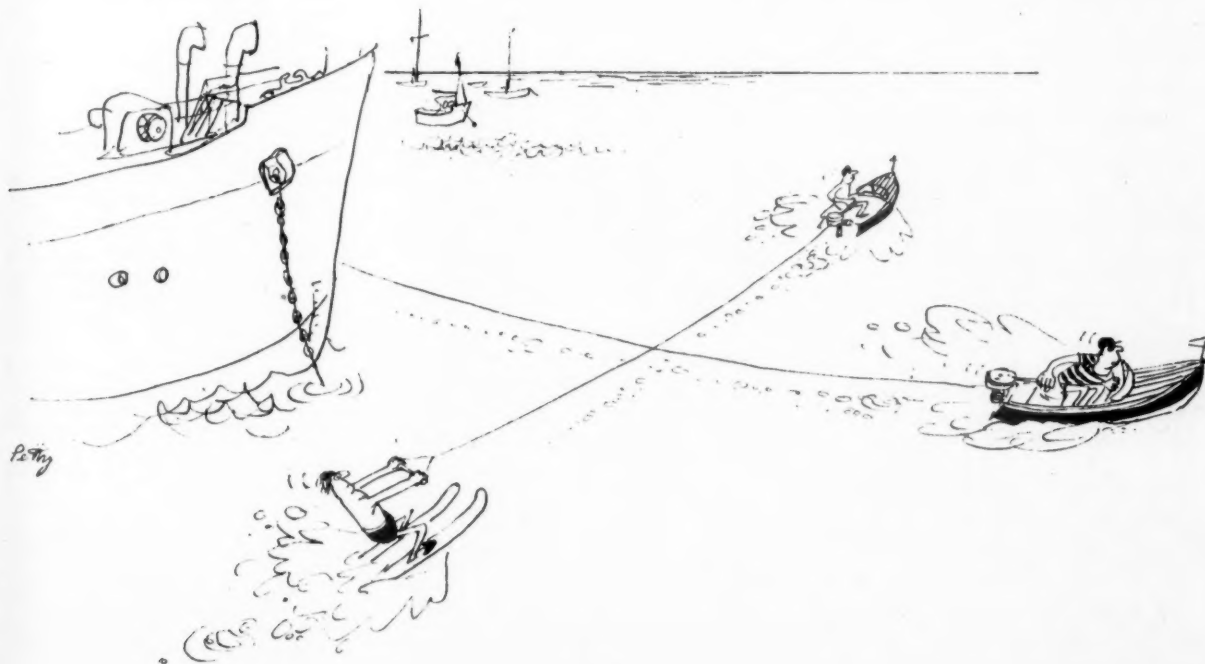
As far as the dogs themselves were concerned, probably the one flaw in the programme was their diet. It was ample, yes, but woefully lacking in meat. For, carried away by his own benevolence,

Tsunayoshi had extended the Life Protecting Statutes to include all forms of warm-blooded life. Like the human inhabitants of the empire, the dogs of Japan thenceforth had to content themselves with a diet of rice and fish. On a typical day Lord Yonekura drew a kennel ration of twenty tons of rice, ten barrels of bean paste, and ten bales of dried sardines.

Tsunayoshi was a born optimist, and he went on practising benevolence and hoping for sons right up to his death in 1709. When that occurred on the 19th of February the Dog Star may be said to have set. His nephew and successor, Prince Iyenobu, already had a son, and was a notorious sceptic about Buddhism.

Within a few weeks eight thousand six hundred and thirty-four dog-beaters were hurrying home from Japanese prisons. Something more than twice that many state-supported dogs found themselves turned out into the world and compelled, like their ancestors, to live by their wits. Lord Yonekura found himself out of a job. A number of private citizens are reported to have found their toes inching toward newly-vulnerable canine ribs.

By the end of that year it was again possible in Japan to speak of a dog's life as something to be avoided.





# Toby Competitions

## No. 16—Strike a New Note SUGGEST a new reason for striking by a new trade union.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks. Entries (any number, but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, May 23, to Toby Competition No. 15, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 13 (Gadgets)

The object was to invent a new gadget for use in the house or garden. The inventive genius, on the whole, was of a higher standard than the specifications; it did not seem easy to convey exactly how the wonders worked, though several competitors were thoughtful enough to enclose sketches. This complicated the judging, as a balance had to be kept between the comprehensible, if not too highly inspired, and the extremely ingenious but over-baffling. Assessment of the value of the boon conferred was another factor, one which helped to win the prize for:

A. AUSTEN  
CHURCH COTTAGE  
BUNNY  
NOTTINGHAM

who submitted:

THE TV BEAMER  
Operating on the principle of the



"I think I'm improving. I lost my first ball to-day."

acoustic telephone booth, it consists of a tunnel some three feet long, played slightly up and out from the set. By means of fibre-glass and acoustic baffles the device allows complete freedom from reception even in the immediate vicinity of the set. In addition it provides marked improvement both in picture and sound for the other members of the family. A waxed mahogany exterior is suggested, with ebony trim, and provided with a sponge rubber cushion, cased in natural hide, on the face in contact with the television set. When not in use the beamer, inverted, provides a pleasant sculptural feature.

Households clouded by bitterness over unduly long bathers will welcome the Family Morning Bathing Time Regulator suggested by L. J. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone:

A meter attached to the bathroom door is set last thing at night. From then on, or until the mechanism is disengaged, the door cannot be opened unless a metal disc is dropped in a slot. Each member of the family receives only one token. Immediately a token is posted a timing device is set in motion allowing twelve minutes' use of the bathroom. On the thirteenth minute a melodious "Ding-dong" chimes through the house while in the bathroom an icy draught fanned through a grill plays on the bather and a mechanical plastic arm withdraws the plug. The bathroom is restored to working order when the door has been opened and shut and another token used.

The "Yifter" Lifter (product of J. E. Frith, Upidee and Co., Ltd., Makers of Lifting Devices Since 1957, 3 Ranelagh Drive, Bracknell, Berks) depended largely on illustrations rather too detailed to reproduce here. Part of its appeal was in the sales talk:

Since printing the enclosed leaflet the price of the lifter has been changed from 59/11d. to £2 19s. 11d., though the price of the stainless steel model remains unchanged at £9 12s. 6d. We have several interesting new attachments under development, including a do-it-yourself house demolition kit. We would welcome suggestions for new ways of using the "Yifter" and offer a signed, framed photograph of the inventor, *actually using* the prototype "Yifter" Lifter, for the best suggestion received.

## Three propositions for gardeners:

A spring or electrically operated device which simulates the sound of a lawn mower, allowing the fortunate owner to slumber in his deck-chair undisturbed by other members of the family.—Arnold G. Ward, 15 Werston Close, Malvern, Worcs. A pogo-stick with a dibber end.—Duncan Graham, 49 Higher Street, West Chinnock, Crewkerne, Somerset

A small wheel for each back leg of the wheelbarrow, so that when you have to manoeuvre it, loaded, over a kerb or the edge of a lawn, you depress the handles and push. There is no need, therefore, either to turn the barrow round and heave

650



it up backwards, thus ruining the edge of the lawn, or to face the right direction and work the thing forward crabwise until the front wheel is clear.—The Rev. Patrick Foort, Clifton Rectory, Sheffield, Bedfordshire

Turning back indoors from the garden we come to:

## THE SELECTIVE ISOTOPE LETTERBOX

A simple but effective radio-eye examines all incoming mail. Soap coupons, rate demands, income tax papers and bills are retained in the letterbox and expelled after a lapse of thirty minutes when the addressee has left for the office. Mail worth reading passes the examining eye and is at once discharged on to the hall floor.—Basil Noble, 18 Loraine Crescent, Darlington, Co. Durham

## THE COLCAL THE HOUSEWIFE'S POCKET COST-OF-LIVING CALCULATOR.

SO SMALL, IT LITERALLY FITS YOUR PURSE!  
HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

You, the housewife, simply rotate the green dial (a) so that the amount of your agreed weekly housekeeping allowance shows at window (b). Now turn the pointer (c) till it points to the wage increase last demanded by your husband's union and clamp firmly by the small screw (d). Then rotate the whole of the red dial (e) until the *actual* wage increase granted shows at window (f). Now turn your COLCAL over. Rotate the black (overtime) dial until the dart points to the number of hours overtime claimed to have been worked by your husband in the previous week. This will adjust the amount previously computed. Then all you have to do is to press the plunger (g) at the side, and the amount of extra housekeeping you may legitimately demand is shown at the rectangular window (h). This window has a sliding cover to ensure secrecy.

(Made by the makers of EXCALIBUR, the Executives' Pocket Expense Account Calculator—thousands sold).—A. R. C. Stiby, 2 Mount Hill, Mogador, Tadworth, Surrey

Toby bookmarks for all competitors named.

Postal deliveries in London are still subject to delay. Entries postmarked before the closing date but reaching this office a day or two after it are being considered, but every effort should be made to post in good time.



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Cricket Cross

**End of an Innings.** Denis Compton.

*Oldbourne, 15/-*

**The Testing Years.** Gordon Ross. *Stanley Paul, 15/-*

I SEEM to remember that there was quite a fuss—a newspaper fuss, of course—when the old firm of Hobbs and Sutcliffe broke up and the partners unsealed their lips to utter mild criticism of each other's play. I seem to remember too that Bradman, Fingleton, Barnes and Miller of Australia have all seen fit to belabour their old team-mates in strong poison-pen print. Well, history, with the help of Denis Compton, has repeated itself: in *End of an Innings* the gay cavalier of cricket, now in retirement, says bitter and unnecessarily wounding things about his old colleague and captain, Sir Len Hutton, and I find myself wishing that the author had carried his old propensity for tardiness into the field of journalism. A decent interval, a decade or so at least, ought to elapse before board-room and pavilion confidences are made known to the scandal-hungry sports of the beer tent and bar parlour.

Oddly enough this view is shared at the moment by a number of Fleet Street's popular writers on cricket—but for somewhat different reasons. "We have sent you at great expense on cricketing joy-rides all over the world," their editors have told them, "and you have failed to deliver the goods. Compton says this and that, dynamite, yet your reports from Australia and the West Indies contained not a hint of it. Where were you and what were you doing?" The answer is of course that the poor journalists were not at the wicket with Hutton, not in the pavilion, not in Hutton's hotel bedroom. Perhaps they ought to have been.

Compton suggests that Hutton found the job of captaining England too much for him, that he became unfriendly and morose, failed to maintain adequate discipline, lost his nerve, panicked and more than once threatened to throw in

his hand. "On the morning of the match [Third Test at Melbourne] some of us went to his room in the hotel at ten-thirty. Len was still in bed. He seemed to be in a very disturbed state indeed as if suddenly things had got too much for him, and he couldn't go on. Bill Edrich, Godfrey Evans and myself stood and sat around his bed in some bewilderment and dismay.

"I am not feeling too well," Len was saying. 'I'm not feeling too well . . . I don't think I can play to-day.' He said that and similar things a number of times. His confidence and some of his control seemed to have left him."

But he played: and readers will see no more in this incident than a mild display of pre-match jitters. Hutton isn't the only cricketer who has fished in this way for compliments, reassurance and renewed faith in his own abilities.

The criticism of Hutton apart, this is a most engaging book. Compton's style—and one doesn't normally look

for style in the ghosted outpourings of professional cricketers—has a ring of Runyon about it: there is the repetitious use of "indeed" and the conjunctive "well," there is amusing circumlocution and understatement and heavy sarcasm. "'Well!' I said, [to an umpire in the West Indies] 'this is a very different game from what I've been used to playing . . . Perhaps you have different rules. In England, if a batsman hits the ball, and the wicket-keeper or another fielder catches it before it touches the ground, we feel that's out . . . Obviously, you don't.'"

"The umpire went over to Hutton and complained of the way I'd spoken, not without justification."

There is also an account of a brush with Bradman: "I was wearing spikes in my cricket boots and naturally made some marks as I went up the pitch. It was inevitable: it was permissible.

"Before very long Bradman spoke to me again.

"Denis," he said, 'look at this wicket . . . we've got to bat next . . . look at your spike-marks.'

"That's the way I play, Don," I said, 'you know that . . . you can't blame me for those marks . . . I am terribly sorry.'

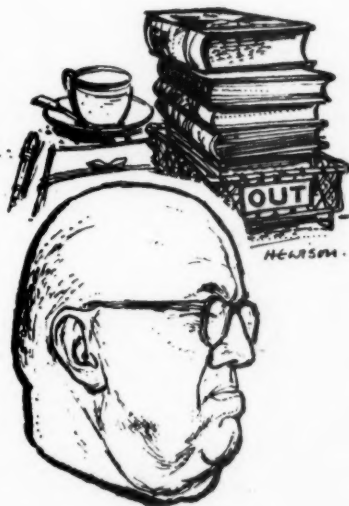
"Ah, but we have to bat on this," he replied.

"Well, Don," I answered, 'I am terribly sorry . . . but I'm playing for our side.'"

A very entertaining book indeed if the reader can excuse the unethical and wildly misleading diatribes against Sir Len. The master, I am happy to observe, seems to have excused them and dismissed them from his presence much as—according to Cardus—he used to dismiss half-volleys outside the off stump.

Another cricketing book worth reading is Gordon Ross's *The Testing Years*, the story of post-war Test cricket. All the ninety-eight games are mentioned and all the relevant statistics are on tap. Did you know that England has had eleven Test captains since the war? And can you name them? Did you know that Edrich in this period had a

## NOVEL FACES



XVI—C. P. SNOW

*Upon the New Men softly Snow descends,  
Displays their means, investigates their ends.*

higher Test average than May, Richardson, Washbrook or Cowdrey? And who, would you say, heads the bowling averages—Bedser, Laker, Lock, Wardle or Tyson? The answer is the Typhoon.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

**Eustace and Hilda : A Trilogy.** L. P. Hartley. Putnam, 25/-

This is collection in a single volume of Mr. L. P. Hartley's three linked novels, *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, *The Sixth Heaven*, and the book which gives its name to the trilogy, *Eustace and Hilda*. Lord David Cecil contributes an introduction in which he unhesitatingly names the completed sequence as a masterpiece. There can certainly be no doubt that this is Mr. Hartley's most impressive work up to date. *The Go-Between* may have proved more popular, but it contains nothing that is not equally well investigated here: childhood, social relationships, money, irrational fears, and, above all, the whole process of growing up. The middle section—"The Sixth Heaven"—an account of Oxford in the early 'twenties, perhaps

shows Mr. Hartley at his most brilliant; and he achieves with extraordinary success his portrait of his hero, Eustace, quiet and unassuming, yet at the same time invincibly firm in his own manner. *Eustace and Hilda* stands out as a major work.

A. P.

**Three's Company.** Alfred Duggan. Faber, 15/6

Here we have a delightful story of a middle-man who did exceedingly well for himself between the years 49 and 36 B.C. Marcus Æmilius Lepidus—Consular, Imperator, Triumphator of Rome—witnessed the murder of Julius Caesar, and prudently "picked up the skirt of his toga and pushed head-downwards through the throng to get clear." Thereafter he continued in prudence, keeping a weather eye on the cat of politics as it jumped between Marcus Antonius and the young Caesar Octavius, preserving his own skin and taking advice from his clever wife until he became Triumvir. Most of his battles and skirmishes were won as much by chance as management, as when he

stormed a Carthaginian fortress—"It's easy and not even very frightening once you have begun . . . It was fun but I mustn't do it too often. I shall let the army win the next few battles without me." As a humbug he was not able to humbug himself entirely and the twists and turns of his unheroic mind are a joy to follow, though the modern idiom may shock some who take the Caesar they "did" at school too heavily. Still, as an historian the author has won the right to use words as he chooses. His enchanting book may be construed into a commentary on modern politics as well as enjoyed for its story, humour and erudition.

B. E. B.

**The Brave African Huntress.** Amos Tutuola. Faber, 18/-

Adebisi, the eponymous heroine of Mr. Tutuola's latest fairy-tale, is courageous indeed: inheriting, when aged 18, the hunting profession of her father (half of whose house is occupied by very noisy gods who once conquered elves and goblins), she sets forth in search of her four brothers, held captive in the



"Golly! . . . they're still thirsty! . . ."



Jungle of the Pigmies. Happily she possesses some of the indestructible quality of a female Tarzan: for the bullets from her "shakabullah" gun bounce off the sparkling forehead of the Jungle Gatekeeper, and one of her poisoned cudgels—originally owned by a Cyclops whom she has killed—shatters when applied to a pigmy policeman called "Obstacle," who cuts off her left foot and replaces it before succumbing to the gun. Other victims include a half-human pterodactyl, a "Super-Animal" with sixteen horns and electric-battery eyes, the "Snake of Snakes," and eventually all the pigmies, whose gaol she blows up and burns down. Mr. Ben Enwonwu's illustrations have a false naïveté which has, regrettably, begun to invade the Nigerian Lewis Carroll's once-unspoiled literary style. J.M.R.

**Love and Idleness.** Leslie Blight. *Michael Joseph*, 18/-

It is to be hoped that the author was unluckier than most in his three years' national service. The title says all, and the Love is distinctly profane. Set in a post-war R.A.F. station (non-flying) staffed by young men and women with nothing to do but waste time—no character has the intelligence to use it—this first novel captures deadeningly the bleakness of huts and asphalt and stale routine; it is a study in unsparing detail of a drifting, motiveless, bored and weary band of people in uniform thrown together by a card-index, their talk gross, their behaviour socially displeasing. Mr. Blight is photographic in his observation and has an unusual flair for sustained dialogue, but only a second book will show whether he can create character; these are mere reproductions. Meanwhile, *Love and Idleness* should cause grave disquiet to the Air Ministry, to all parents of children in uniform, and most prospective entrants into the R.A.F.

J. B. B.

**Sailing Ships.** Introduced by Oliver Warner. *The Ariel Press*, 35/-

Splendid reproductions of coloured aquatints and lithographs (plated and printed in Germany) which marvelously recapture the feeling of the nineteenth-century originals.

The ships themselves were the ultimate expression in fully-rigged sail—clippers, frigates, slavers (which had to be fast with their perishable cargoes) and whalers. Each 16 in. by 12 in., the plates are very suitable for framing. R. B.

**The Guide.** R. K. Narayan. *Methuen*, 15/-

My admiration for Mr. Narayan's earlier novels is so great that after reading *The Guide* I re-read it in the hope of discovering in its peculiar construction a significance that had evaded me the first time. Alas! I could find none. In these parallel stories of Raju the tourist guide destroyed by his love for Rosie, and Raju the bogus holy man

unwillingly jockeyed into starving to death, it seemed to me, and still seems, that the writer had in hand two short inconclusive novels which he unwisely decided to combine into one of conventional length. Each is good in its way but neither is really a comment on the other. Indeed there is a certain clash in this intertwining, so each loses something of its colour. The guide story, for instance, is very funny; the holy man story, which is tragic and rather horrible, is falsified by being "funny" up to keep the method consistent. Either could have been turned into an excellent *nouvelle* in its own right.

This is not to say I did not enjoy *The Guide*. Even at his worst Mr. Narayan has an uncommon warmth and brilliance. In both strands of this new novel he displays his great gift for making his Indian characters understandable, and indeed lovable, to Western readers. In some of the scenes he is at his best, and what a "best" it is. More and more of the best is all the greedy critic asks of Mr. Narayan. O. M.

## AT THE PLAY

### Variation on a Theme (GLOBE)

IF you can imagine Marguerite Gautier as a Brummagem girl who has lined her nest with feathers torn from four rich husbands, who has acquired a fashionable veneer and is living on brandy and her own nerves in a crumbling chateau near Cannes, you will get an idea of what Terence Rattigan has tried to do in *Variation on a Theme*. The parallels with *La Dame aux Camélias* are not strained, but the comparison is there: advanced TB, about which nothing is being done, an ardent young lover, scenes of renunciation and a final party that is nearly lethal.

The transference was obviously possible. Unfortunately, where Dumas in spite of all his tricks contrived to make us

### REP SELECTION

Civic Theatre, Chesterfield, *Cornelia*, by Gordon Daviot, to May 17th.  
Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury, *Captain Carvallo*, to May 17th.  
Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, to May 17th.  
Everyman Theatre, Reading (Farnham Rep), *A Stranger in the Tea*, to May 17th.

mind what was happening to Marguerite, Mr. Rattigan has failed totally to engage our sympathy. His Rose has courage of a kind and a surface charm—after all, she is played by Margaret Leighton—but she is really a terribly silly woman, with none of Marguerite's excuses for such a muddled life. She falls squarely into the "Oh, God!" category of heroism; whenever her woolly little plans, usually for further dissipation, are crossed, she cries "Oh,



"You realize that Axminster and Wilton will be virtually unobtainable if the British have to continue their transport strikes?"

God!" as if the whole of heaven were working overtime to thwart her. She is an emotional weather-cock, and no one could have said that of Marguerite. Her link with her latest lover is that he also has come up the hard way from the back streets of Birmingham. He is both a good dancer and a greedy, hysterical gigolo with ideas above his station; and his need for her, that painfully arouses her mother-instincts, has to be generously fed with Lagondas and other succulent titbits. He is a liar as well, suggesting that the ballet-director with whom he lives is something more than a friend. It is only after a long talk with this director that Rose decides to send the boy away for the sake of his art. She dictates her farewell message into a tape-recorder (which Marguerite, if she had had one, would have thought a little vulgar), and returns formally to the arms of a horrible German millionaire who is expecting to marry her. But hysteria wins. She scraps her plans for a sanatorium, she scraps the millionaire, and she goes off with her tearful and equally silly boy on a binge which will clearly kill her. Oddly enough the boy seems completely unaware of her condition, though everyone else in the theatre has known all about it for hours.

Only in the scene with the ballet-director does Mr. Rattigan find his proper form. There is no nonsense here, but a crisp battle in which the better man wins. One suspects that the play has been designed to give Miss Leighton a tremendous part. It is certainly a large one, but even she cannot make it

interesting. She does extraordinarily well, but it is not enough. The two characters who regard this zoo objectively, the director and the elderly Scottish aristocrat reduced by gambling to be Rose's social secretary, bring a welcome breath of sanity and are beautifully played by Michael Goodliffe and Jean Anderson. Jeremy Brett gives the boy personality, though one still longs to smack him, and it is easy to believe that George Pravda's millionaire owns half Europe. Produced by John Gielgud, the play has had every chance, but it falls far below Mr. Rattigan's true level.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*My Fair Lady* (Drury Lane—7/5/58), of course. *Expresso Bongo* (Saville—30/4/58), a musical satire of the crooning racket. *Not in the Book* (Criterion—16/4/58), an excellent comedy thriller.

ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*The Sea Wall*  
*The Sheepman*

ALTHOUGH it is tempting to give the beautiful CinemaScope, Technirama, Technicolor photography (Otello Martelli) of the scene (Thailand)

most of the credit for the appeal of *The Sea Wall* (Director: René Clement), the film has a great many other good qualities . . . without, somehow, being quite successful as a whole. But it is certainly very well indeed worth seeing. I enjoyed it.

This was not what I expected to be able to say when I read beforehand that the story was about "an iron-willed matriarch" living a hard, isolated existence with her grown-up son and daughter among acres of rice-fields on land reclaimed by years of bitter struggle from salt marsh, behind the rough sea-wall her peasant labourers have built. Stern stuff, I expected: worthy, impressive, perhaps gripping, but not exactly to be described as *enjoyable*. I was very agreeably surprised.

One somehow assumes that that kind of story will be predominantly grey, with occasional harsh climaxes emphasized in deep black and glaring white, and here the splendid colour of the scene, as I say, means an enormous amount; but the strength of the story and the characters are more important. The basic conflict is between the mother (Jo Van Fleet) and the son (Anthony Perkins): for her the wall symbolizes an achievement and a defence against the smart swindling people from the city, for him and his beautiful sister (Silvana Mangano)

it represents a prison wall, on the other side of which is life. When it is breached in a typhoon, and the property half-ruined, and a local business man with the money that would pay for a proper wall of concrete casts a lustful eye on the girl . . .

That may indicate a few of the motives, but it is too crude a summing-up for a piece that is very far from superficial. It has been freshly imagined (script, Irwin Shaw): for example, the minor characters have individuality, they are far more than the types that many a film would be content to make them. The young business man (Nehemiah Persoff) is no mere "heavy," but a grotesque, sometimes even pathetic little figure. We know what he is like, what his life is like, *apart* from what he has to do in this story which is mainly about other people.

That is the sort of thing that creates and holds interest, and it is exemplified everywhere in the picture, in incident and scene as well as in character. There is a brilliantly-done sequence concerning the family's night out in town with the ingratiating would-be seducer: it is all entertaining in itself (at one point the brother and sister jive together, beautifully) besides being relevant and expressive in dialogue and action.

The outstanding player, I think, is Miss Van Fleet as the mother; of course it's an obvious acting part. Mr. Perkins very well shows the moody son's development from angry frustration to calm acceptance; Miss Mangano has not very much to do but be compassionate and decorative. The whole thing is lovely to look at and teems with interesting detail. You may agree with me that there is some indefinable fault of mood towards the end, but you won't be bored.

Very nearly the only thing wrong with *The Sheepman* (Director: George Marshall), a cheerful, almost tongue-in-cheek Western, is unfortunately a basic point of character. After we have been amused and pleased for some time by the relaxed, gay behaviour of Jason Sweet (Glenn Ford), whom the most violent opposition will not dissuade from bringing huge flocks of his sheep to pasture in Powder Valley, "right in the middle of cattle country," it appears that the driving force in his life is supposed to be revenge. For years he has been grimly pursuing a gunman who killed his girl in a raid; and of course the story works out so that revenge is his, once he has collected another girl locally. Jason, who spends much of this picture beaming at people and clouts a huge man the length of a bar with the air of one vastly delighted to oblige, is hardly most people's idea of a pitiless avenger . . .

Nevertheless this seems unimportant; the whole affair is very attractive. Apart from excellently-contrived variations on



Ron—JEREMY BRETT

Rose—MARGARET LEIGHTON

(Variation on a Theme)



Suzanne—SILVANA MANGANO

Albert—NEHEMIAH PERSOFF

all the usual themes of a Western, it is fascinating to watch the sheep themselves, notably in some scenes where they pour in a great tide through trees in autumn foliage.

#### Survey

Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the very enjoyable comedy *Teacher's Pet* (30/4/58), Giulietta Masina brilliant in Fellini's *Cabiria* (16/4/58), the softened but well-done and gripping version of *The Young Lions* (7/5/58), the amusingly highly-coloured novelette *La Garçonne* (30/4/58), and, still, *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57).

The most notable release is *Desire Under the Elms* (23/4/58), stogy but powerful. On a different level is the simple-hearted, obvious Australian-small-boy story for the young of every age, *Smiley Gets a Gun*.

RICHARD MALLETT

### ON THE AIR

#### The Questioners

A GROWING proportion of television time is taken up by what are called "interviews": a member of the public, known or unknown, is flattered or cajoled into answering questions for the viewing millions, while the camera peers into his naked face and the ubiquitous mike picks up his every hum and haw. "Er—well," they say, and "Er—actually," and "Er—definitely." Their regional accents come booming and burring and rolling and slurring into our living-rooms, and we rejoice to hear how richly various is the voice of the people. Eminent gentlemen are met at airports. Diplomatic immunity may get

them past the Customs, but they can't escape the foolish, formal rigmarole of being filmed while giving tiny, meaningless messages to a world that has already read them in the newspapers and formed its own opinion. The sleek young interviewers wear important frowns, and each little session has to be gone over twice, once for each channel; and five minutes later we are deep in the ramifications of the latest serial, and the words of the eminent gentleman are forgotten, and it doesn't matter a scrap.

Viewers tend to have their favourites among the interviewers. For myself, I get most value out of Lynne Reid Banks, who pops up in all kind of places, poking her mike at the throats of passers-by, blinking artlessly at cornered celebrities, and always giving the impression that she has just scrambled breathlessly out of a broken-down taxi, with no time to run a comb through her hair and only the cloudiest notion of what information she is supposed to be eliciting from whom. One expects a gap between question and answer, but Miss Banks frequently intensifies the drama by prolonging the gap between answer and question, thus producing some of the most acutely perilous vacuums in the whole field of entertainment.

For it is entertainment, whether the interviewee be a Cabinet Minister rumbling on about the Situation, or a flustered typist telling us that she would sooner ride in a bus than walk to work. We don't care a great deal about what they have to say: what we enjoy is the spontaneity, the feeling that these are bits of life flickering and babbling on our screens.

The B.B.C.'s "To-night" team are splendid. Fyfe Robertson's high-pitched, querulous inquiries are invariably

fascinating. He usually contrives to stand in some windswept waste like a prophet of old, with his hair and beard fluttering in the gale, and his astonished words floating away to the four corners. "And do you really *like* living in a cardboard box?" he will say. And no matter what the answer, he will be sternly flabbergasted. Derek Hart, neat and impish, sits cosily in the studio, cunningly traps the visiting names into foolish disclosures, and gives his shy little smile for comment. Geoffrey Johnson Smith, another smooth one, digs beneath the surface of the prepared speeches, rattling his sitters by his bland persistence, and never seems convinced. Cliff Michelmores, happily fiddling with his ear-plugs, conducts fantastic long-distance conversations with deaf octogenarians, eccentrics, and all kinds of Lovable Characters. Polly Elwes specializes in children. She can worm opinions, information or humour out of the most forbidding tot, and has achieved some very charming sequences. With grown-ups she is crisp and alert. She is also attractive: any man worth his salt would push his way to the front of a crowd to mumble into *her* mike.

Apart from "To-night's" lively badgerers, Robin Day's work stays in the mind for its speed and its dogged seriousness, "Panorama's" Woodrow Wyatt has unfortunately turned himself into an Institution, and the "Press Conference" teams never seem to get very far: they spend so much time in polite or testy sparring that the really interesting questions have to wait until the show is over, and that will never do. We're all Nosey Parkers now.

HENRY TURTON





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

PARLIAMENT had been very careful not to get itself involved in the bus dispute until the strike started. Then on Monday the Socialists boiled over—an unpremeditated boil, it appears: perhaps Mr. Macleod was a bit provocative in the curtness of his answer. However, Mr. Macleod can well look after himself, and a rough-and-tumble between the Front Benches is what Parliament is for. Far more sinister was the Socialists' ugly criticism of the Speaker—the more so as the Speaker was quite demonstrably in the right in refusing to accept the adjournment of the House.

During the week the Government was harried a little from behind—by seceders about the rates and by ex-Crichel-Downers about the occupation of land; but the main business of course was with Thursday's frontal attack. The literal point of the Socialist vote of censure—the censure on Mr. Macleod for not intervening in the bus dispute on Monday—was almost demonstrably silly, and indeed Socialist speakers hardly pretended to take it seriously. It was simply an excuse to deploy a general attack on the industrial and economic policy of the Government. Mr. Robens started, and banged less than usual. It was a powerful and at times a wise speech. His general accusation against the Government was that its action was part of a calculated campaign to break the Trades Unions. Mr. Macleod turned this point most effectively, and answered that on the contrary it was a situation of the gravest danger if one of the great parties of the State never dared to treat any question on its merits because they were the

creatures of the Trades Unions. Mr. Macleod's was a devastatingly able speech and, not deigning to glance at his notes, he certainly had the better of that exchange. Indeed he would be a very able man who could get the better of Mr. Macleod when he is making a fighting speech, and I do not think that Mr. Robens' best friends would claim that he is of that weight. Yet it was encouraging that with all their differences both ended on fervent appeals for national unity and deprecation of industrial trouble.

Or rather Mr. Robens ended like that. Mr. Macleod almost ended like that but in his last sentences he turned savagely and rent Mr. Gaitskell "with scorn and contempt" for the feebleness of his conduct. Mr. Gaitskell was writing notes at the time. Hearing his own name mentioned, he raised his head, at first flushed, then decided to smile it off and, when his turn came to reply, contented himself with saying that Mr. Macleod's attack was "a little studied." It was a little studied, but there are always some Members on a Front Bench who are not altogether displeased if the attack is diverted to a colleague and they are left unshot at.

Both Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Bonham Carter were, for very different reasons, cast for similarly difficult parts. Neither the resigned Chancellor nor the victor of Torrington could afford to speak and say nothing in particular, like the House of Lords throughout the war. Neither the loyal Conservative nor the maiden speaker wished to say anything to give unnecessarily wounding offence. Each trod his tightrope with sure success, the one helped by the advantage



of experience and the other of heredity. The Socialists—I do not know whether they intend it or not—add to Mr. Thorneycroft's authority by their quotations from his past speeches. They show how sincere and consistent he has been throughout, and they give the impression—I hope truly—that, like the rest of us, they like him very much. He reminded us that in a few months the usual pressure on sterling will start up again—that if the Government should give way now on the buses there would be no hope of holding on other demands and the sordid game of inflation would start up all over again. It was a warning to too easy expansionists—a Cassandra, a Daniel and sometimes almost even a Stafford Cripps come to judgment—an impressive speech. So was Mr. Bonham Carter's. The first by-election candidate since the war to fight and beat both machines, he would have been absurd had he been utterly non-controversial. It would equally have been a mistake to have trailed coats and been wantonly provocative. Contenting himself with quietly observing that among those interested in the settlement of the bus dispute Mr. Robens had omitted to mention the public, and saying that the Government might have shown more leadership, he concentrated generally on constructive suggestions—the ballot in a union before a strike and the publication by arbitrators of the reasons for their awards. Mr. John Harvey was later to complain that the House could not discuss such a question as this without bogging itself down in party clichés, and Mr. Macleod was to complain that it discussed it at all. Mr. Bonham Carter's speech showed that quite a few courageous, informed and independent speakers might restore the reality of Parliament's debates and make it again the forum of the nation.

PERCY SOMERSET





### In the City



### Wrapped in Paper

ONE of the marks of our twentieth century civilization is the degree to which its products are wrapped in paper. From the cutlet in the self-service butcher to the traditional bouquets handed on-stage to the prima donna, paper and Cellophane interpose their protective gloss between the succulent and fragrant reality inside and the defiling, contaminating atmosphere outside.

Whether we like it or not ours is a paper-wrapped way of life—and it will get more so. Yet the paper industry at the moment is in trouble; it is the periodic trouble of over-production. The post-war years witnessed a tremendous increase in the productive capacity of the paper industry throughout the world. The story of this development, as it affects one particular group, that headed by Sir Eric Bowater, has recently been told in the annual report for 1957. The Bowater Organization since the end of the war has built a number of new plants for the manufacture of newsprint in Britain; it has allied itself to the Eburite Group and to Hunt Partners to form one of the largest units manufacturing packaging materials; it has pioneered in the making of building board, including those perforated thermal-acoustic panels which at one and the same time keep the directors warm in their board-room and absorb every echo of their conversation; finally, greatly venturing, the group went into the United States and built new pulp mills in Tennessee and South Carolina.

For the moment the torrent of supply has caught up with demand. What the Bowater Group has done in Britain is but one small facet of what a dynamic paper industry has done throughout the world. Here in Britain there has been similar expansion on the part of the Albert E. Reed group whose balance sheet total has moved from £20 million to about £40 million over the past two years—a fair measure of its growth. Another giant of the industry whose

strides have been giant-size is Wiggins Teape, whose new building in Cannon Street lends such cultured grace to the approaches to St. Paul's Cathedral. What the industry has done in Britain has been matched by its achievements in the United States, Canada and Scandinavia—hence the glut.

It is not that the world is using less paper—but that the rate of expansion in its use of this commodity has suddenly become slower than the optimists had expected. This is even true of newsprint. It is on the basis of these falsified anticipations that earlier plans to cut down the forests and increase the pulping facilities had been laid.

This, however, is but a pause for breath. The demand for newsprint will continue to grow as more and more people the world over learn to read, or at least to contemplate and perhaps comprehend the illustrations and strip cartoons that are put before them. But



### In the Country



### Stunning Fish

AT last we have persuaded the County River Board to come and sweep our stretch of the Ream with its electrical equipment. A team of six men turned up with a rowing boat which had a dynamo and other dangerous looking machinery inside it. The boat was launched sideways on to the current and stabilized by men on both banks who held ropes attached fore and aft. It was then allowed to drift slowly downstream, pulled first towards one bank, then the other.

Meanwhile one of the men in the boat had started operations with his stunner. This is a ten-foot long, spade-shaped implement with wire mesh in place of a blade, through which electric currents are passed. These currents must be strong enough to knock a fish out, but not kill him. The operator worked his stunner up and down in the water, penetrating every crevice of the river bed, rather like a conscientious housewife vacuum-sweeping an uneven floor, and one by one the fish started to pop to the surface.

it is in the containers and in the manufacture of tissue and other papers for all and sundry purposes that the biggest "growth" element in the paper industry is to be found. More than half the paper and board produced in Britain to-day is used as packaging material. That proportion is likely to grow.

In the Bowater Group report there is an instructive diagram which relates the consumption of newsprint in the United States to the growth of population. The lines diverge a little for 1957, but if there is any validity in the experience of the past they will certainly converge again—and the population line shoots way up until seven years hence it reaches a figure twenty-one million above the present 167 million. There may be another year or two of painful readjustment for the industry but thereafter it, and incidentally its shares, seem to be bound for much higher levels.

LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

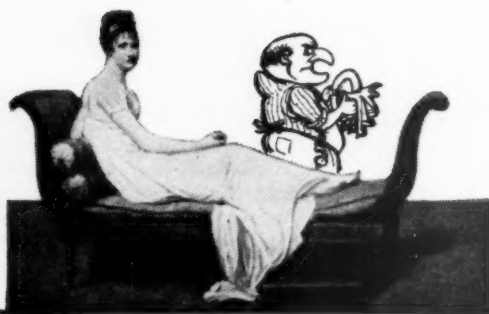
Most of them of course had been driven on by the noise of the dynamo's engine, and it was not until we reached the first stop-net that they began to come up in earnest. Now was the time for smart action, for the bigger fish would soon regain consciousness, and we on the banks and the other men in the boat were hard at it with our nets. Frantically we scooped the fish out of the river and threw them into tanks, pike in one, perch, roach, and dace in another, leaving only our precious trout behind.

The idea of all this was to rid our trout of competition from other feeders and of the attentions of the cannibalistic pike, who gets through his own weight of fish during the course of a week (I saw one vomit up a whole two-pound trout). But we were not the only beneficiaries. The tanks of coarse fish were taken off and dumped in one of the southern reaches of the Thames, all at the expense of an association of angling clubs. Here each fish will take part in many matches; once landed and weighed back into the water he goes. For the record is all that matters to the competitive angler. He scorns the man who fishes with a *meunière* sizzling at the back of his mind.

So everyone is happy—all except me. The Board disclosed where all the trout had come up, and every member of the syndicate now makes a bee-line for my favourite haunt below Baldrow Mill.

GREGORY BLAXLAND

FOR  
WOMEN



## Beads will be Worn

THE severity of the chemise dress requires some measure of mitigation, as does the stark simplicity of those allied styles—the sheath, the shift, and the sack. And the method of mitigation most highly approved by the loftiest fashion authorities is to add a long rope of mixed beads. The more crazily mixed up these beads are the better, and the usual length of the rope is two yards; but you do not necessarily stop at one rope. Some people stop at nothing. Loop after loop fills in the whole décolletage (a considerable territory in the really modish chemise); and further loopage cascades down over the bodice. The waist itself is not always a stopping place. At the opening of the London couture house of Gattinoni of Rome, single strings of beads hung down the front of little black frocks to well below the hip line—a hazardous length.

The customers of Paris House in South Molton Street are bringing in their many-stranded bib necklaces (which last year were the fillers-in of stand-away neck-lines) and asking to have them re-strung into long ropes. Despite its name, everything at Paris House is English, designed and made on the premises. This is an Associate Member of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers; and one of its less widely known



activities is making meticulously exact copies of historical jewellery for the famous inmates of Madame Tussaud's. Not long ago Paris House made a prescient purchase of a splendid quantity of old beads; and these, mixed with pearls and crystals, are being strung into ropes with effectively haphazard eclecticism. Some are open-end ropes—lanyards of beads with big glass tassels at each end; and there are other lanyards of gold chain interstudded with crystal drops. These are worn hanging straight down from the neck with loose ends; or they can be knotted, looped, or done with what you will. To go with chain ropes there are plain gold bangles: wrist size, preferably worn in triplicate; larger and broader ones to wear above the elbow . . . the slave bangle again. With these go “bent-penny” gilt earrings.

One of the side-kicks of the chemise, the sack, the sheath, the trapeze and the shift is a serious recession in the sale of leather belts. To keep their belt makers occupied the Paris House designers have set them making cock-tail collars for poodles: very chic, jewelled or beaded, with matching leads. For poodle owners, and others, they have designed a buckled bandeau—a kind of head-strap—made of soft washable glove

leather, in every conceivable shade. Worn like an Alice band, with the buckle on the crown of the head, this is a little bit of harness which gives a well-groomed appearance to hatless débutante fillies, but is not suitable for *les mères*. White satin head-straps can be ordered for brides, jewelled if required. The bridal poodle would of course have a white kid collar, and would require jewels.

Because beads are in it does not mean that pearls are out—pearls never are. They have, however, become longer and loopier, and tend to be mixed with gilt or crystals, diamanté or jet. The firm of Jewelfcraft, which made the jewellery for *My Fair Lady*, has huge pear-shaped pearl earrings; and the same pear-shaped pearls hang from gilt necklaces like giant's tear-drops, and are also the finish to gilt snake-chains and lanyards. Other Drury Lane offerings now in the shops include black-and-white jewellery as in the black-and-white Ascot scene, and family album lockets. These spring open to show four photographs, and can be worn on a chain or as a fob. All Jewelfcraft earrings are now made with an adjustable clip which fits any shape of lobe securely but without torture. We have waited a long time for some such simple device to take the suffering out of this particular branch of beauty.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

## Career Girls: 10 — Fan Club Secretary

SO deep is the emotion young persons feel  
For singers like Terry Dene and Tommy Steele  
That they spontaneously flock to stage doors and try to tear their idols  
in half—

As long as they are properly organized by a professional staff.

## The Proposal

“THERE are no words left to describe you,” he said, his voice thrilling with emotion. “God knows there must have been plenty before me to tell you that you are the sweetest little ectomorph in the whole world.”

“I am?” she said.

“It is not only that relative to your



mass you have a predominance of linearity and fragility. It is not even that you have the greatest sensory exposure to the outside world, though heaven knows that is remarkable enough. But, and how can I ever forget it, in proportion to your mass you have the largest brain and central nervous system."

"I have?" she said, ruffling her soft blonde curls in surprise.

"And yet withal there is just an intriguing dash of the mesomorph—that cup you won for canoeing, for example, your success in the mixed doubles at the tennis club."

"Yes?" she said.

"In fact I would have said you were pure somatonic if it were not for that amusing little streak you have of viscerotonia. That passion for peppermint creams, for instance—that yen for choc-ices which seizes you in the middle of the big picture. Oh yes, Sheldon would have known what to make of you."

"He would?" she said.

"He would. Oh, Ursula, Ursula darling, can't you see that our somatotypes would dovetail perfectly? I throw my worshipping endomorphic self (Pyknic if you follow Kretschmer) at your feet. Will you marry me?"

"No," she said.

"Women," he said morosely—"women are just impossible."

MONICA FURLONG

☆

## Anti-Social

I SING the song that's owing  
This merry London May.

I'll try to get it going,  
I'll try to make it gay,

But if I mutter darkly  
Of debts and how they dress  
And if I knock the Berkeley  
Or Tommy Kinsman; yes,

Or show a lack of keenness  
For Members' Tents and things  
Or speak with utter meanness  
Of river maffickings,

It's in the name of reason;  
Almost I'd say of pride.  
Like you, I note the Season  
Coolly, from right outside.

ANGELA MILNE

## Give an H<sub>2</sub>O

HAVE you thought of a Bread-and-Water party? They are such fun and can be adapted to suit almost any occasion, whether it's formal entertaining (use your best gleaming glass and wrap the hot bread in snowy table napkins) or a "just dropped in as we were passing" (fill the bath and let them dunk; they'll love it).

You can make it a strictly plain water party or ring the changes with h. and c.; if yours is hard, build your table decorations round a drum of water softener—magnum size if you can—for those who like it mild. Why not bed this in a chunky circle of diced birds' bread? So easy to do with a bread saw, if you really persevere and have a tin of plaster dressings handy just in case.

You'll probably want to use your favourite bread, but sliced tin loaf is nice and it's worth remembering that the waxed paper it comes in can be used in any number of ways afterwards: for tidy disposal of kitchen debris, like fish heads; for protective storage of brocade evening bags; for refreshing tired jam pot covers (see diagram), not

to mention its blessings when there are heavy colds in the house.

Some guests might like to put something in their water, of course, and this is your chance to give the occasion your inimitable touch. Cubes of meat extract, glucose, bicarbonate of soda are some thoughts, but let your imagination soar here.

For making a little go a long way, you can't beat a Water Cup. Here is a good traditional recipe: Take 1 pint of tap water, add 3 ice cubes and stir until dissolved. Serve at once.

Once you've tried a Bread-and-Water you'll never want to give any other sort of party. It's an idea that's perfectly in key with the whole style of contemporary living, and one that can win you a reputation as a hostess you never dreamed possible.

CHES GUDENIAN

☆

"The Queen Mother looked cool in a pale mauve organza dress with white spots, a head-hugging mauve hat and white shoes.

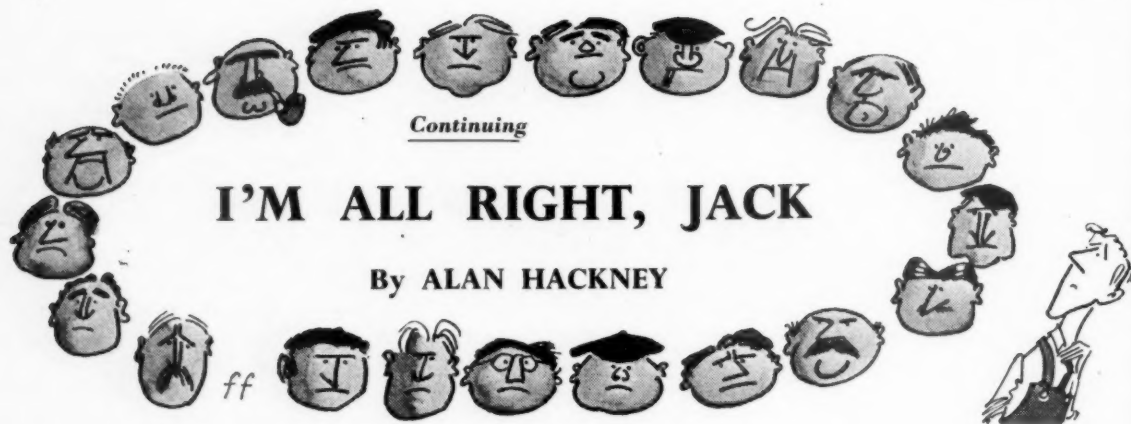
Her equerry, Major John Griffin, contrasted with the white uniforms in his black, white and gold uniform of The Queen's Baize (Second Dragoon Guard)."

Sydney Sun-Herald

On the carpet?



"For once I've remembered the tin opener."



Continuing

# I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK

By ALAN HACKNEY

*Stanley Windrush, a novice worker at Missiles Ltd., visits his aunts in London. There is a stoppage at the works, called by the shop steward Kite, because Stanley has been timed on a job he was doing too quickly. Bertram Tracepurcel, Stanley's uncle, a director of Missiles, is secretly involved in a financial juggle under which his firm's arms contract for the Agyptian Government would go to another company run by a man named Cox. Stanley is friendly with Kite's daughter Cynthia.*

"WHY have you come home to lunch, Stanley?" asked Great-Aunt Dolly. "Surely you won't get back in time?"

"We aren't working this afternoon, Aunt," said Stanley, "Mr. Kite called a stoppage."

News of the stoppage by the fork-lift drivers quickly reached the Mayfair headquarters of Missiles. Bertram's reaction was to drive down to the factory at once to fan the flames, but he called in at Eaton Square on his way.

"Hullo, Stanley. Letting us down, I see. What's it all about?"

"Well, a man came and talked to me, and it appears he stop-watched me while I was sprinting about a bit with my truck. Then the union man Mr. Kite turned up and kicked up a fuss with the management. He's going to see the Branch Committee, and we're all out till to-morrow while the management makes up its mind what they're going to do."

"Bad luck, Stanley. I'd better drop in there and sort it all out. But I dare say you'll be for it with the Branch."

"Do you really think so? Oh."

"Never mind, my dear chap. I'll see what I can do."

"With the union?"

"Oh dear no. Can't interfere there."

"Now, Mr. Waters, tell me how it started," said Bertram.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Waters, "I went across at about half past ten and engaged this chap in conversation while he was stacking . . ."

"Yes, yes. You timed several movements a number of times I understand. Quite right. You'd decided to pick on mechanical handling, I gather, as a key item in efficiency?"

"Oh yes, rather, sir. I regard greatly increased productivity as the key to our salvation. I've got the report sheet here—"

"But damn it," interrupted Mr. Hitchcock, "I know those drivers are appalling, a complete shower, it's true, but it was fantastic not to consult the union first. We've had no trouble for a full two years now because I've personally supervised any nonsense of this sort, but now look at it."

"My dear Hitchcock," said Bertram smoothly, "we must face up to economic facts. What was good enough yesterday won't do to-day. The reason we've had no trouble so far has been that the firm has always given in and paid up every time there's been a wage-claim, and raised its prices to cover it."

"Oh, absolutely," said Mr. Hitchcock. "But this isn't a wage-claim. If that report goes through it'll mean cutting the rates, so that they have to work at more than their natural rhythm to get the same money."

"You mean they'll have to cut out

their restrictive practices and use the equipment properly. Why not?"

"Well, quite frankly, you won't get them to do it."

"All right, my dear Hitchcock, let 'em go. If we regrade the job downwards, and they won't touch it, let's get someone that will."

"And who might that be?"

"My dear Hitchcock, there's a tremendous unemployment problem among coloured-immigrants to this country; our black brothers after all, if I may say so. Oh, you may protest, but it would be an excellent way to get our prices down and keep our customers."

"But, my God, you'll never get GEEUPWOA and ANTEGS to agree to that! At least, it would strengthen Charlie Prince's position, but old Kitey wouldn't wear it."

"My dear Hitchcock," pointed out Bertram, "we haven't tried yet."

In the evening Stanley called for Cynthia.

"Oh, there's no one in but me, ducks," announced Mrs. Kite. "Dad's gone to a meeting of the Branch Committee and Cynthia went out with the gentleman who called for her. She told me to tell you. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"I don't think so, thanks. Who did Cynthia go out with?"

"Oh, you wouldn't know him. A gentleman called Mr. Cox. I met him the other night and I mentioned Cynthia and how keen she was on dancing, and he said he thought he might be able to get her an audition for the Television Toppers."

"A Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Cox. I didn't know he had

anything to do with television, but it seems he knows a lot of people. Friend of Mr. Tracepurcel's, he is. Got a nice car."

"I see. And what does Dad think of all this?"

"Oh, he doesn't know. It was after he left. But what's all this I hear about you in trouble with the union?"

"Well, I'm not sure I am."

"Well, you will be after to-night. Dad's gone to this special meeting of the Branch to get a ruling on you."

In the morning Stanley was met outside the Stores block by Kitey.

"Communication addressed to you from the Branch Committee," said Kitey, handing Stanley an envelope. "We heard your case last night."

"Heard my case? But I wasn't there."

"No need for that. We were in possession of all the facts of the matter. I can tell you, they seriously discussed suspension, but in view of other aspects they finally decided on a week's disassociation."

"Oh? What's that?"

"Sent to Coventry. It's all in the letter."

"You mean no one'll talk to me for a week?"

"That's right. In view of your careless jeopardizing of the terms of the negotiated agreement."

"Well why are you talking to me now?"

"Merely to inform you of the nature of the Branch Committee's decision democratically arrived at. And I might add that this is a temporary judgment pending whatever emerges in negotiations with the management over the terms of the new settlement they propose for rating operations involving members of the General engaged in driving these trucks. Their proposals are to be the subject of a consultation between the management and unions later this morning."

Having delivered himself of this, Kitey walked off. Stanley could readily understand why Knowlesy and the other lads could so rarely make head or tail of union business, wrapped up as it always seemed to be in prose of this sort. He went inside, but there was no

response to his good morning, although everyone watched him come in.

Stanley went despondently about his tasks, deprived of his usual little chats with Knowlesy and the others. Mr Morris had considerably altered his schedule for the morning, allocating him to picking up loads for the scrap compound.

After an hour of this, Stanley, advancing slowly with a great container of metal shavings down the main road through the factory, was tooted from behind, and Bertram got out of a car.

"Morning Stanley!" he hailed cheerfully. "Back this morning again, I see."

Several passing employees shot Stanley curious looks at his being addressed by one of the directors.

"I'm in Coventry," said Stanley, "but I suppose you can talk to me as you're not in the union."



"Bad luck," said Bertram. "But never mind. You'll soon be the hero of the hour. If they accept the new schedules you'll all be getting another ten bob for a standard week. I'm just off to attend a meeting with the union now."

"Well, that seems a bit better," admitted Stanley, brightening. "When do you suppose you'll have it settled?"

"Well before lunch, I hope. Must go. Good-bye to you."

This little episode cheered Stanley considerably and when he saw Kitey walking across to him he waved a greeting.

"Just a minute," said Kitey stiffly, "I'm not communicating with you except in an official capacity, but I should like to know why a member of the Board of Directors should address you so affable."

"Oh, it's quite all right," Stanley

assured him. "He was just saying the new schedules should bring us more money. So it appears it's all right after all."

"And why should he communicate with you about it?"

"Oh, I happen to know him, that's all."

"Oh, you know him, do you? I suppose it was Mrs. Kitey introduced you, was it?" Kitey was becoming annoyed. "Is everyone I know getting to be pals with the bosses or what? What's the idea, deliberately crawling to a sworn enemy of the economic interests of your mates?"

"But I can't help knowing him, Kitey; he's my uncle."

"He's what?"

"My uncle. I mean, why not? It doesn't make any difference."

"Difference? Oh, doesn't it? I can see it makes a good deal of difference. Oh yes, I can see it all now, false pretences and all. I can see it makes you an agent pervockatoor."

At twelve o'clock the representatives of GEEUPWOA walked out of the meeting. They had heard, they decided unanimously, quite enough. By twelve-thirty Kitey, a duplicated copy of the

proposed schedules in his hand, was addressing an emergency mass meeting of members of the General on a bomb site in front of the main gates of Missiles.

Kitey, on the roof of the van belonging to the General's Clyde Street branch, tapped the microphone. A loud "Pock, pock, pock" came from the loudspeaker.

"This meeting has been convened, brothers," boomed an electronically magnified Kitey, "to discover your views on proposals by the management to reduce their costs by cutting down the rates paid to fork-lift drivers, members of this union."

"This morning the union's special committee met the employers' representatives, where they were shown these proposals." He waved the sheaf of papers. "Your committee protested at the proposed reduced rates, but I have to report to you, brothers, the employers



refused point blank to make any alteration."

"There were several cries of 'Shame.' 'On the grounds,' went on Kitey—"on the grounds that on *their* reckoning a normal week's work as scheduled would mean an extra ten shillings for each man."

"What's up, then?" asked a voice. "Don't you want it?"

"Shurrup," called a number of other members.

"You ask what's up," continued Kitey.

"Yes," said the voice.

"Well, I'll tell you."

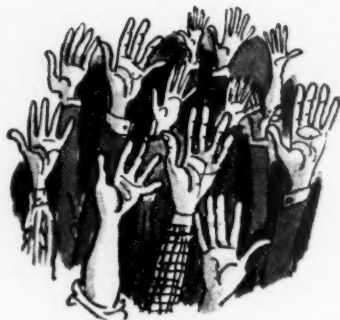
"Good," said the voice.

"Shurrup, will you?" called several others.

"What's up is this," said Kitey. "The figures and times in their schedules" ("Let's 'ave a copy," said the voice), "a copy of which you should all receive by to-morrow, these times and rates they quote are based on unrealistic times outside normal human capacity which were taken from stop-watch records made yesterday without the knowledge and consent of the union or man concerned and which it would be *impossible*, I repeat, *impossible*, for an average man in average health to keep up with for any length of time."

Stanley, on the edge of the crowd, thought this last contention very shaky, but he held his peace.

"Furthermore," continued Kitey, "these proposals introduce loads on



these vehicles far in excess of what had been agreed two years ago between union and employers to be safe limits. This just shows you, brothers, what the feeling of the management is to safety factors of long-standing experience.

"I'll give you one example," he went on, "of a time your committee considers completely unreasonable." He flipped several of the sheets of paper over and appeared momentarily to have lost his place.

"What it mounts up to," said Kitey, still fumbling for a moment but then abandoning it, "what it boils down to is, your committee calculates that average earnings on the proposed schedules would go *down*." (Cries of "Eh?") "Yes, *down*, from anything up to ninepence an hour, excluding bonus."

There were whistles of surprise, and a cry of "Bleeding liberty."

"Ninepence an hour down," repeated Kitey, "and they have the cheek

to claim it would mean a rise of ten shillings! And they weren't prepared to alter a line of it. So what I propose is, a vote of confidence by you in your workmates who the bosses are proposing to victimize by this savage cut in their standard of living.

"I propose an immediate stoppage by the entire membership until such time as the employers listen to the voice of reason and justice, and withdraw."

"Seconded," called a throaty-voiced person beside Kitey on the van.

A third member of the committee on the van now spoke rapidly over the loudspeaker: "The motion is an immediate stoppage of all work by members of the General employed by Missiles until further recommendation let's have a showervandsplease. In favour?"

An obvious majority of hands was raised.

"Against?"

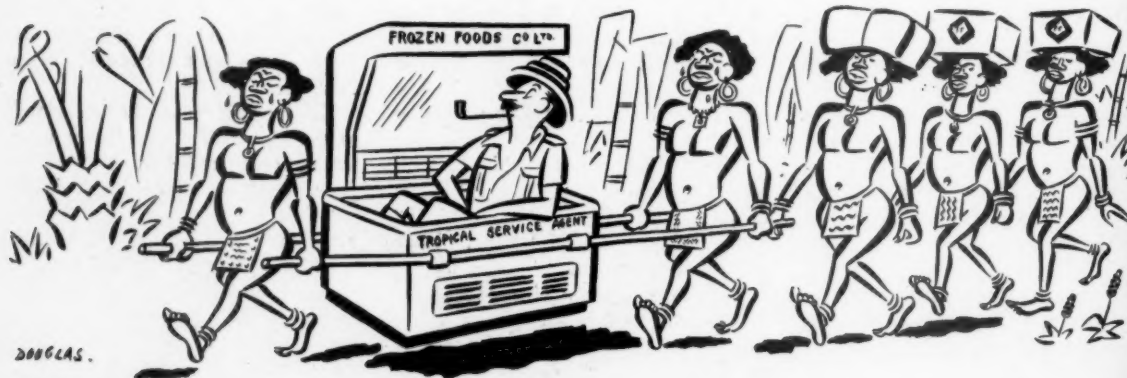
Stanley, anxious to lose no more paid time, began to raise his hand until prudence checked him and he looked round instead. There was a meagre showing against the stoppage.

"Carried by showervands," announced the third committee member.

As they proceeded to the business of electing a strike committee Stanley felt a strong nudge.

"Come on, squire," said Knowlesy. "Might as well go home."

(To be continued)



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